Chicago

MARCH 1954

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rangely Like a Phoenix

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VOLUME 1 • NUMBER 1

March 1954

Chicago

Editor & Publisher:
Maurice English

Director of Design & Production:
Burton Cherry

Associate Editors:
Doris Regan, Jean Shebs, Emily Stewart

Staff Photographers:
Don Bronstein, Robert Buchbinder, William Miller

Advertising:
Frederick Hochberg

CONTRIBUTORS

As a special writer on military matters for the *Tribune*, John Hall Thompson (*The Admiral and His Prairie Flight Deck*) is an old hand at reporting on the nation's top braid.

A veteran Chicago newspaperwoman, Lois Baur (*Ten for the Money*), is currently in the Society department of the *Tribune*.

The author of *Strangely Like a Phoenix*, John McGrath, is a Chicago newspaperman. This is his first published short story.

Readers of *Harper's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and other national magazines, will recognize John Bartlow Martin (*Inquest*), a resident of Highland Park, as one of this country's great reporters. Mr. Martin's latest book, *Prison*, will be published in May.

The folk of the Kentucky hill-country first found a voice in the writings of Jesse Stuart (*Soddy*) who is equally famous for his poems and short stories.

COVER

George McVicker, who made the drawing of Admiral Gallery, successfully blends fine art with his commercial work. Joseph Carter lettered the title word for the magazine.

CHICAGO is published every month by Contemporary Publications, Inc. Annual subscription price, $2.50; single copies, 25 cents. Address all manuscripts to The Editor, CHICAGO, 17 West Ontario St. Chicago 10. Telephone: SUperior 7-5494. Copyright 1954, Contemporary Publications, Inc.

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WHAT GOES ON HERE

THEATERS
in the loop

The Seven Year Itch, Erlanger Theater, 127 n. Clark st. (ST 2-2459). Funny-bone tickler about a husband who plays while his wife is away. Eddie Bracken as the husband; Lydia Clark the wife; Louise King, the lovely plaything. Nightly at 8:30; mat. Sat. at 2:30.

Wish You Were Here, Shubert Theater, 22 w. Monroe st. (CE 6-8240). Sheila Bond, and a swimming pool sunk in the Shubert's stage, star in this musical remake of "Having Wonderful Time." Nightly at 8:30; mat. Sat. at 2:30

Good Night Ladies, Great Northern Theater, 20 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Rowdy. Nightly at 8:30; mats. Sat. & Sun. at 3.

Time Out For Ginger, Harris Theater, 170 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A pleasant bit of fluff that mixes Melvyn Douglas, some high-spirited juveniles and a football with fairly riotous results. Nightly except Sun. at 8:30; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.

The World of Sholom Aleichem, Eleventh Street Theater, 62 e. 11th st. (HA 7-5570). From the wise and compassionate writing of the Yiddish humorist; with Jacob Ben-Ami, Anne Revere, Howard Da Silva. An uncommonly good play. Nightly at 8:30, March 2-3, 5, 9-10, 12.

Porgy and Bess, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FI 6-0270). The Gershwin classic returns after two triumphant years in Europe and New York. Now with Le Vern Hutcherson as Porgy, Leontyne Price as Bess and Cab Calloway as Sportin' Life. Nightly at 8:30, mat. Sat. at 2:30 p.m., March 3 thru 21.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace Theater, 159 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-0055). An exhilarating experience with a new dimension in film. Nightly Sun. thru Thurs., at 8:30, Fri. at 7 & 10, Sat. at 7:30 & 10:30; mats. Mon. thru Thurs. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 2 and 5.

Julius Caesar, Selwyn Theater, 180 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A magnificent motion picture with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud among the friends, Romans and countrymen. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m.; also Sat. & Sun. at 5:30 p.m.

little, school or otherwise

Eighth Street Theater, 741 s. Wabash av. (HA 7-6834). Nat'l Barn Dance show every Sat. at 7:30 and 10 p.m.

Goodman Theater, Monroe st. and Columbus dr., (CE 6-2337). "Our American Cousin." March 12, 13; 16 thru 21; 23 thru 27. Nightly at 8:30 except Tues. at 7:30; mat. March 25 at 2:30.

Lake Front Players, Kimball Hall, suite 1230 (WA 2-0317). "Ladies in Retirement"; March 4-6, 11-13; Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30 p.m., Sat. at 8:30 p.m.

Chicago Stage Guild, 640 n. State st. (WH 4-8050 evenings). Ninth anniversary production "Dear Brutus"; Mar. 3-6, 12 at 8:30 p.m., except Thurs. at 7:30 p.m.

House of Drama, Chicago Room of La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison sts. (DE 7-1674). Theater-in-the-round presentation of Henrik Ibsen plays: one act adaptations of "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabbler" and "Ghosts"; March 12 and 13 at 8:30 p.m.

Northwestern University Theater, Evanston campus (UNiversity 4-1907). "Phaedra," a rare production of Jean Racine's high-voltage drama. March 2-6 at 8:30 p.m.

Playwrights Theater Club, 1560 n. La Salle st. (WH 3-2272). "Murder in the Cathedral," T. S. Eliot's version of Thomas a Becket's martyrdom; nightly at 8:40 Wed. thru Sun., thru March 20.

Starcradle Theater Guild, 2348½ n. Clark st., (LI 9-4799). March productions "Charlie's Aunt" and "Skylark."

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

12th Annual Azalea and Camellia Show, Garfield Park Conservatory, 300 n. Central Park and Lincoln Park Conservatory, in Lincoln Park, 2400 north (HA 7-5252). Daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., thru March 7.

Annual Medinah Shrine Circus, Medinah Temple, 600 n. Wabash av. (WH 4-4266). With everything a circus should have. Nightly at 8:15 p.m., Mon. nights 7 p.m. Mats. daily except Mon., 2:30 p.m. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 1 p.m. and 3:45 p.m., thru March 14.

46th Annual Chicago Automobile Show, sponsored by Chicago Automobile Trade Assn., International Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). Showcase for 1954 automobiles. Musical revue, "Wheels of Progress", 55 minute production with cars, "queens" from Chicago communities and suburbs, corps de ballet and orchestra, presented at 3:30 and 9 p.m. daily. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., March 13 thru 21.

Ice Capades of 1954, Chicago Arena, Erie, McClurg and Ontario sts. (MI 2-1000). Featuring a condensed version of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" as well as a badminton game. Nightly at 8:30 except Sun. Mats. Sat. 2:30 p.m., Sun. 1:30 and 5:30 p.m. beginning March 14.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0632). Fritz Reiner conducting unless otherwise noted. March 4 and 5, pianist Byron Janis soloist: Beethoven, overture to "Egmont"; Strauss "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; Tschaikowsky, concerto. March 9, violinist Ricardo Odnoposoff, soloist: all-Beethoven program including violin concerto, "Egmont" overture, Seventh symphony. March 11 and 12, violonist Odnoposoff, soloist: Beethoven violin concerto; Bach-Caillet fugue in G minor; Schumann, Third symphony. March 20, George Schick conducting, with pianist Leonard Pennario, soloist: all-Gershwin program. March 23, violinst Joseph Szigeti, soloist: Scarlatti-Tommasini, "Good Humored Ladies;" Mozart, violin concerto no. 4 in D major; Beethoven, First symphony; Bartok, portrait no. 1, opus 5; and selections from Albeniz, "Iberia."

Marais and Miranda, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). Ballads. March 20 and 24, 8:20 p.m. Mat. for children, Mar. 21, 3 p.m.

Northwestern University, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Faculty recital by Pauline Lindsey, pianist, Lutkin Hall, University place at Orrington av., March 2, 8:15 p.m. "A cappella" choir, George Howerton, conductor, Cahn Auditorium, Emerson st. at Sheridan rd., March 7, 4 p.m. Fine Arts Quartet, Cahn Auditorium, March 9, 8:15 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Prints by Pablo Picasso, Gallery 11, thru March 21. Designer-Craftsmen U.S.A., 1953, East Wing Galleries, beginning March 15. Continuing exhibits: Chinese export porcelain from the Helena Woolworth McCann Collection, Gallery G-15; memorial exhibition of the painting of John Marin, Gallery 51; painted Japanese screens, Gallery H-9; miniature relief sculptures and genre in wax from the collection lent by Alfred E. Hamill, Gallery A-6; Americana: furniture, textiles and misc. objects, Gallery 1 thru 5; Both Sides of American Art, Gallery of Art Interpretation; Treasures of Ancient Peruvian Art, Galleries L4-L4A; American folk art — children's furniture and toys, Gallery G-8; Thorne miniature rooms, Gallery A12; American decorative art of the 18th century, Gallery A9. Open daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. and holidays.

Chicago Galleries Assn., 215 n. Michigan av., 5th floor (CE 6-9646). Duneland painting by Frank V. Dudley. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to noon.

Mandel Bros. Art Exhibition Galleries, 1 n. State st. (ST 2-1500). Oils, watercolors, mixed media and caseins by Theodore Frano, Lucile Leighton and John Richardson. Mon. and Thurs. 9:15 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Tues. thru Sat. 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.

Merchandise Mart, 11th floor, room 122 (WH 4-4141). 1954 Good Design Exhibition in conjunction with the Museum of Modern Art, N. Y. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sats. 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Society of Typographic Arts, The Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). 27th annual Design in Chicago Printing Show, beginning March 27. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m.

All-Illinois Society of Fine Arts, Inc., West Mezzanine, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. and Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Painting by members.

Lakeside Press Galleries, R. R. Donnelley & Sons co., 8th floor, 350 e. 22nd st. (CA 5-1212). Donnelley advertising in 1954. Weekdays 9 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Hull House, Benedict Art Gallery, 800 s. Halsted st. (MO 6-6005). Pottery by children of Hull House. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sat. & Sun. 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Artists' Equity Assn., 1020 Lake Shore dr. (SU 7-2959). The nude in art. Tues. thru Sat. noon to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

The Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario st. (SU 7-3997). Tchelitchew-Leonid showing. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

North Gallery, Kimball Hall, 2nd floor, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Memorial showing, oils and watercolors of Edith Blaisdell Murphy. Daily except Sun., 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Elizabeth Nelson Galleries, 109 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6994). Recent painting by Robert Hillman of Paris, beginning March 10.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6779). Raphael Pricert, paintings of Paris, Spain and the Riviera. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

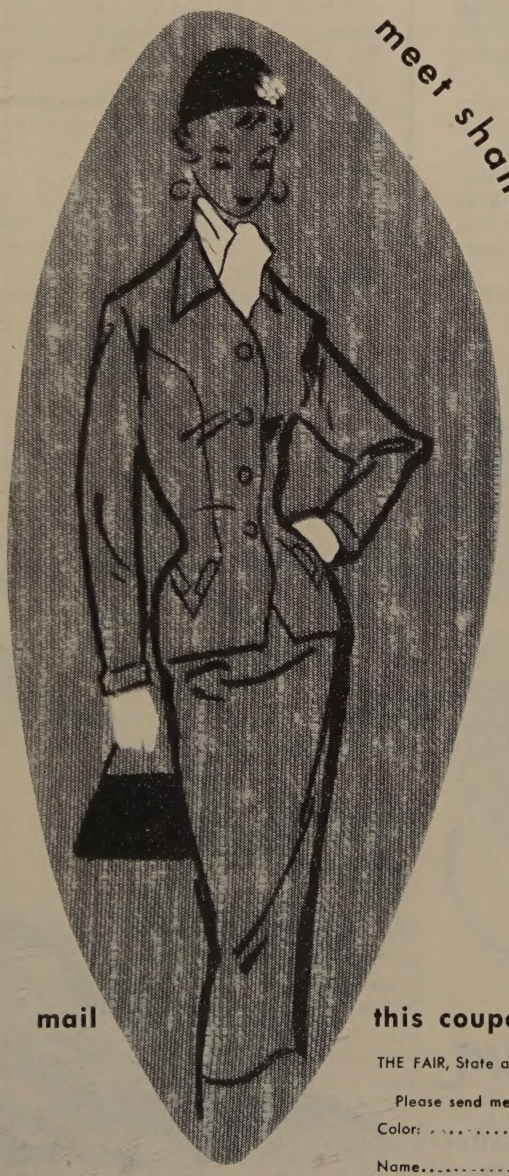
Evanston Art Center, 800 Greenwood av., Evanston (GR 5-5310). Marin, Chagall, Rouault, Klee: watercolors and prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro. Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sun. 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Leonard Linn Exhibition Galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Oils and watercolors by Elizabeth Engelhard, recent winner of Frank G. Logan Art Institute award in the 57th annual exhibition of Chicago and vicinity artists. Mon. thru Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; open house and refreshments, first Sun. each month.

North Shore Art League, Winnetka Community House, 620 Lincoln av., Winnetka (WI 6-0538). Paintings loaned by North Shore collectors, thru March 12. Invitational members' show, beginning March 18.

LECTURES AND TRAVELOGUES

Art Through Travel Series, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av. and Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, lecturer. "Brazilian Adventure," March 7 and 14. "The Golden Light of Darkest Africa," March



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21 and 23. Lectures begin at 3 p.m.

Art Problems in the Home Series. Fullerton Hall, Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan av., and Adams st. (CE 6-7080). Dr. Watson assisted by guest specialists. "A Perfect Child's Room," March 1; "A Workshop in Every Home," March 8; "Many Ways to Create Beauty," March 15; "How To Know Periods," March 22; "Relation of Modern Design to Architecture," March 29. Lectures begin at 2 and 7 p.m.

Univ. of Chicago Lectures: "Today's Woman", Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). "Phychology of the Second Sex," Helen Ross, Inst. of Psychoanalysis, Mar. 1. "Whither (American) Women," Fleur Cowles, Mar. 8. Lectures begin at 8 p.m.

Chicago Technical Societies Council Lecture Series, Museum of Science and Industry, 57th and South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). "Advances of the Laboratory Give Longer Life," Arnold E. Osterberg, Ph.D., Abbott Laboratories, March 7. "Industrial Quality Control Comes into the Home for More Effective Buying," R. H. Lace, Lincoln Paper co., March 14. "The Architect Gone Modern — What Is He After?" Albert W. Kirschenbaum, architect and engineer, March 21. "The Engineer Puts Up a Mighty Skyscraper on a Soft Foundation," John R. Gnaedinger, engineer, Soil Testing Laboratories, March 28. Lectures begin at 3 p.m.

World Travel Adventure Forum, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). Outstanding color films presented by world travelers. "Burma," Comm. W. K. Norton, March 14. "Hong Kong" by Deane Dickason, March 28. Travelogues begin at 2:30 and 5 p.m.

Burton Holmes Travelogues, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). Motion pictures presented by Thayer Soule and Robert Mallet. "Colorado to the Grand Canyon," March 1. "Exotic Ceylon," March 5, 6, 8. "Festive Italy," March 12, 13, 16.

Dramatized Lectures by Paul J. Dallwig, Chicago Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). "Behind the Scenes in our Museums," March 7, 14, 21, 28 at 2 p.m.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES with attention to March exhibits

Chicago Historical Society, Clark st. and North av. (MI 2-4600). Exhibits pertaining to the growth of America. Mon. thru Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m.

Adler Planetarium and Astronomical Museum, Lake Front at Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). "Origin of the Earth," March show. Open daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tues. and Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon. thru Sat. 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Sun. 2 and 3:30 p.m., Tues. and Fri. 8 p.m.

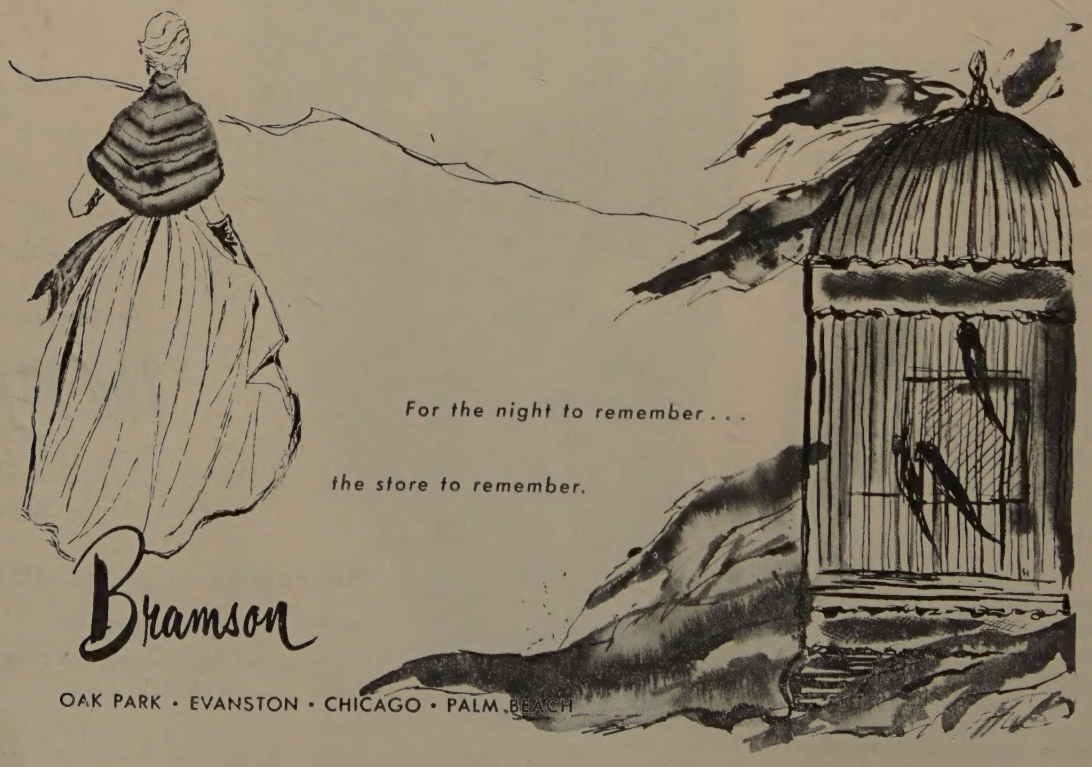
Chicago Academy of Sciences, Clark st. and Ogden av. (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibition pertaining to the Chicago area. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. 12:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.

George G. Harding Museum, 4853 Lake Park av. (KE 6-0008). Permanent exhibits of medieval armor and arms, ancient firearms, medieval and contemporary art. Daily 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. except Sat. and Mon.

Chicago Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr., (WA 2-9410). Anthropology, botany, geology, zoology exhibits. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan av. at Washington st. (CE 6-5821). Group showings by Art Students League of the Art Institute, in the Library's Art dept. Annual commercial art exhibition by Artists Guild of Chicago and rare snuff bottles loaned by Mrs. Irwin L. Rosenberg, Randolph st. corridor. Old time popular songs, Music dept. Recorded music concerts, every Wed. 12:15 p.m. Live music concerts, every Sat. 12:15 p.m. March lecture subject: Art; lectures every Thurs. 12:15 p.m. March film subject: Art; films every Fri. 12:15 p.m. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th st. and South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). March: exhibits in communications, including telephone, television, radio, radar and electric theater which presents a 40-minute show. Other scientific and industrial exhibits. Daily 9:30 a.m.



to 5:30 p.m., Sun. 9:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.
Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from ancient Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine and Syria. Tues. thru Sat. 10 a.m. to noon, 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt rd. and the Lake (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SPORTS

pro hockey

Chicago Blackhawks, Chicago Stadium, 1800 w. Madison st. vs. Boston Bruins, March 7, 21; New York Rangers, March 10; Detroit Red Wings, March 11; Montreal Canadiens, March 13.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo League, Chicago Avenue Armory, 234 e. Chicago av. Doubleheader games every Saturday thru March 27, 8:30 p.m.

indoor soccer

Indoor Soccer League, Chicago Avenue Armory, 234 e. Chicago av. Nine games played every Sunday thru March 21. Preliminaries at 1 p.m.; feature games at 2:30 p.m.

indoor ice skating

Chicago Arena, e. Erie st. and McClurg ct. Open daily at 2:30 and 8:15 p.m.

pro wrestling

Marigold Gardens, 817 w. Grace st. Wrestling every Saturday night at 8:30.

pro boxing

Rainbo Arena, 4836 n. Clark st. Boxing every Wednesday night at 8:30 p.m.

amateur boxing

Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions, Chicago Stadium, 1800 w. Madison st. (SE 3-5300). March 1, 2, 3, 11.

collegiate fencing

Natl. Collegiate Athletic Assn., University of Chicago Fieldhouse, 56th and University av. March 26.

TV: local listings, distilled.

for children

Mr. Wizard, Channel 4, Sat. at 5 p.m.
Jet Pilot, Channel 5, Sat. at 5:30 p.m.
Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Channel 5, Sun. at 2:30 p.m.
Excursion, Channel 5, Sun. at 3 p.m.
Zoo Parade, Channel 5, Sun. at 3:30 p.m.
Ding Dong School, Channel 5, weekdays at 9 a.m.

for adults

Omnibus, Channel 2, Sun. at 4 p.m.
Meet the Press, Channel 5, Sun. at 6:30 p.m.
Mr. Peepers, Channel 5, Sun. at 6:30 p.m.
Today, Channel 5, weekdays at 7 a.m.
Voice of Firestone, Channel 5, Mon. at 7:30 p.m.
Robert Montgomery Presents, Channel 5, Mon. at 8:30 p.m.
Studio One, Channel 2, Mon. at 9:00 p.m.
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, Channel 9, Tue. at 7 p.m.
Make Way for Father, Channel 7, Tue. at 8 p.m.
United States Steel Hour, alternating with **The Motorola Theater,** Channel 7, Tue. at 8:30 p.m.
The Chicago Symphony, Channel 9, Wed. at 7:30 p.m.
Kraft Theater, Channel 5, Wed. at 8 p.m.; Channel 7, Thurs. at 8:30 p.m.
Judge for Yourself, Channel 5, Tue. at 9 p.m.
See It Now, Channel 2, Tue. at 9:30 p.m.
Down You Go, Channel 9, Fri. 9:30 p.m.

DINING OUT

with entertainment and/or dancing

Balinese Room, Blackstone Hotel, 636 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). A pleasant rendezvous. Music for dining and dancing by the Hal Otis or George Metz trio. Noon til 1 a.m., Sat. til 2.
Black Orchid, Rush at Ontario st. (MO 4-6666). The shows have talent; the menu features good food. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30.
Blue Angel, 801 Rush st. (SU 7-5060). Prices at this new night club are so you don't need the backing of an angel to enjoy dinner and entertainment. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30, 12 and 2 a.m.
Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton, 720 s. Michigan av. (WA 2-4400, for reservations ask for Phil). "Skating Headlines" is the current ice extravaganza, with Frankie Masters' orchestra and ballerina Margie Lee. Open from 6:30 p.m. Shows nightly 8:30 and midnight.
The Buttery, Hotel Ambassador West, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). That elegant little room. Dance rhythms by Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9.
Camellia House, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Blooming camellia trees, superb French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's melodies for dancing. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks ct. (DE 7-3434). Showcase for big name talent, celebrities, socialites and conventioneers. Open evening til 4 a.m. Shows at 9 p.m. and midnight, late show Sat. at 2 a.m.
College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman Hotel, Randolph and Clark sts. (FR 2-2100). Dine western style on chuck wagon stew or prime steaks while enjoying the wandering guitar of Ray Blanco. Noon to 1 a.m.
Empire Room, Palmer House, State and Monroe sts. (RA 6-7500, for reservations ask for Fritz.) The March "parade of stars" is headlined by Pete Marshall and Tommy Farrell. Open 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows at 8:30 and midnight.
Glass Hat, Congress Hotel, 500 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" make music in a modern manner and setting. Cuisine by chef Amato Ferrero. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.
The Glass House, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). Sparkling motif with dance music by Johnny Gilbert and his versatile group. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

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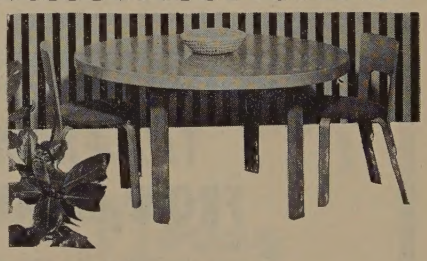
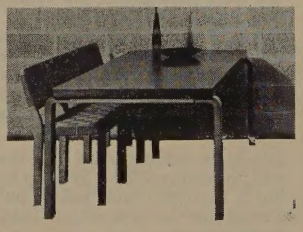
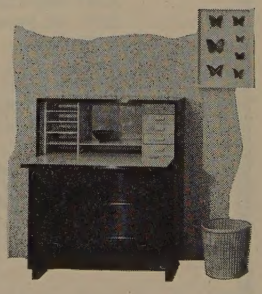

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Lotus Room, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison sts. (FR 2-0700). Tropical flowers and Charlie Agnew's band continue to please the discriminating customers. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.; dancing after 8:30.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Spacious and beautiful; good food and dancing. 6:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. Shows nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., Sats. 8:30 and 11:30 p.m.

Old Heidelberg, 14 w. Randolph st. (FR 2-1892). Downstairs in the Rathskeller, Herby Hart and his own brand of humor. Upstairs in the main dining room, piano or organ music. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.

The Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Dine a la flaming sword in this celebrity-society spot where David LeWinter and orchestra make music for dancing. Noon to 2 a.m.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck Hotel, 171 w. Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). In a modern Alpine setting, the violin of Andre Oskay, backed by his fine orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

DINING OUT with atmosphere

One of the new saloons on Rush street is the Gaslight Club, a place where the respectable elegance of the Edwardian era is blended into a sort of speakeasy excitement. The club was the idea of Burton Browne who had always longed, between advertising contracts, to run a tavern. Robert Abbott, an artist who understands nostalgia, and Joe Donna, a prohibition bar-keep, helped him realize it.

The decor is a burnt umber monotone, to set off stained glass windows out of old Chicago mansions. The bar is a carved mahogany piece dated 1865 that Donna tracked down: he found it plastered into the wall of a near-South Side grocery store. Among the potted palms stands a life-size marble statue of a courtesan which, the club says, once decorated the Everleigh sisters' house. The door to the Gaslight Club was taken from the old Cyrus McCormick home, and brass keys to it are distributed to a selected clientele. The club provides a fine buffet, observing the letter of the law against free lunches in saloons by keeping a box where each patron must leave a five-cent piece.

Adolph's, 1045 Rush st. (DE 7-9221). Savory Italian dishes and hard-to-equal steaks are the house specialties. There's also an intriguing marine bar and good music. 4:30 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Agostino's, 1121 n. State st. (DE 7-9862). Haven for spaghetti lovers and all who appreciate the rich cuisine of sunny Italy. 5 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.

The Anchorage, Windermere East Hotel, 1642 e. 56th st. (FA 4-6000). Overlooking Jackson Park, this quiet, gracious room offers a tempting selection of flavorful fare along with lovely views. 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash av. (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace; the spinning salad bowl and charcoal broiled steaks are also reigning favorites. And there's the Candlelight Lounge for cocktails and hot hors d'oeuves. 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Boston Oyster House, Hotel Morrison, 79 w. Madison st. (FR 2-9600). Quiet colonial surroundings in the middle of the Loop, where you can enjoy seafood, steaks or chops. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton st. (An 3-8310). The friendly atmosphere here is exactly right for the good Bohemian dishes and seasonal game offerings. 7 a.m. to midnight. Closed Sundays.

Colonial, 6324 Woodlawn av. (HY 3-6324). No need to wish you were in the land of cotton . . . the dishes served in this handsome restaurant must be just as tasty as any ever served on a Southern plantation. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Como Inn, 546 Milwaukee av. (HA 1-0890). Hospitality and hearty Italian fare are the features of this popular dining place in the heart of little Italy. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Don the Beachcomber, 101 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-8812). Here's how to take a short trip to the tropics without leaving home. Exotic rum-base drinks and delicious Cantonese cuisine. 4 p.m. to 1 a.m.

The Emerald Room, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). West siders favor this emerald and ivory room; the excellent American food, skillful service and sensible prices are all good reasons for their choice. 7 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Fritzel's, 210 n. State st. (AN 3-7100). The facade is as impressive as a Hollywood setting, but inside the cuisine is superb and the prices are "considerate." 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Gibby's, 192 n. Clark st. (AN 3-8181). Theater-goers have long preferred the choice dinners and late snacks served here to the accompaniment of good piano music. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive Building, 919 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-0606). The famous Harvey food served in a striking modern setting. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph st. (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for fine cooking and generous repasts. Go without your calorie counter so you can enjoy the rich pastries and desserts. 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph st. (AN 3-6474). Show off your chop stick technique on excellent Oriental dinners. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark st. (DE 7-2020). The surroundings are simple and the seafood superb in this famous old restaurant. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Isbell's, 940 Rush st. (DE 7-3500). The smart new decor and wide selection of dishes assure pleasant dining in this popular Near North spot. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Pete's Steak House, 165 n. Dearborn st. (DE 2-1268). For the last thirty years celebrities have eaten fine steaks here; their autographed photos are on the

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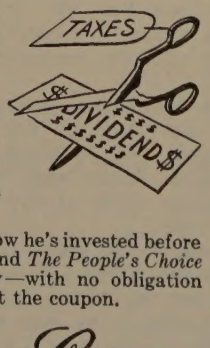

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Pub and Prow, 901 Rush st. (DE 7-0622). The Prow is a replica of an old sailing ship; sea food, naturally is the prime fare. The Pub is British-inspired. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark st. (WH 4-9637). What'll it be: hasenpfeffer, Wiener schnitzel, or sauerbraten? Take your choice in this fine old German eating place. 11 a.m. to midnight.

Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-8815). More likely than not a good meal here includes an art course, for the walls of this Italian specialty spot often display paintings by leading Chicago artists. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Ricketts', 103 e. Chicago av. (WH 4-9500). Ricketts' with its fine cuisine, and the old Water Tower, just opposite it, are two landmarks every Chicagoan knows and every visitor should seek out. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Schulien's, 1800 n. Halsted st. (WH 4-9257). Ask an epicure where to get a traditional German meal here, and he's almost sure to answer "Schulien's." 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Shangri-La, 222 n. State st. (CE 6-1001). Viands from faraway places with strange sounding names and incomparable flavors, and an out-of-this-world atmosphere, make this one of the most impressive dining spots in town. 4 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Sheraton Lounge, Sheraton Hotel, 505 n. Michigan av. (WH 4-4100). Just a step off Michigan Avenue, an intimate room where Billy Barnes serves up organ music as satisfying as the food and drinks.

Singapore Pit, 1011 Rush st. (DE 7-9450). Good things are to be had here, such as pit barbecued spareribs and chicken; steaks, chops and lobsters. 5 p.m. to midnight.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). Whether you dine in the Sirloin Room "where a steak is born" or in the new Matador Room with its striking Spanish motif, it will surely be pleasurable. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Wrigley Building Restaurant, 410 n. Michigan av. (WH 4-7600). An extensive menu, expert preparation of every dish from soup to pie, and fine service. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

DINING OUT in the suburbs

Andersen's, 109 s. 5th av., Maywood (FI 3-9576). The place where the local gentry and their friends like to meet for good American fare. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Allgauer's Fireside, 7200 Lincoln av., Lincolnwood (JU 8-8600). A large, likeable restaurant with an abundant offering of fine foods. 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Blue Parrot Patio, 1120 Westgate st., Oak Park (EU 3-1826). A garden atmosphere, and a most palatable cuisine. 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Tom Brown's, 8617 Niles Center rd., Skokie (OR 3-3914). United Nations smorgasbord on Mon. nights. Good food other times, too. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Closed Tuesdays.

Country Fare, Skokie hgwy. at Dundee rd., Glencoe (GL 2400). Here "country fare" seems to mean food of many countries, as well as popular American dishes. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Deerpath Inn, 225 e. Illinois rd., Lake Forest (Lake Forest 2280). Gourmets on the North Shore like this prominent inn. Noon to 8 p.m.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson st., Evanston (GR 5-8686). Fanny's spaghetti and other Italian provisions are deservedly famous. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Fredens, 5800 s. Madison av., Hinsdale (Hinsdale 349). Beautifully landscaped outside, and scores of good things to eat inside. Noon to 8:30 p.m.

Gabriel's, 111 s. Main st., Oak Park (EU 6-4607). No wonder Oak Parkers look, for the most part, so well fed: excellent hot breads and pastries. Noon to 8 p.m.

Glenview Country House, 560 Waukegan rd., Glenview (GL 4-1646). The "fleet" from the nearby air base is often in here to endorse the many hearty offerings. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Klas' Restaurant, 5734 w. Cermak rd., Cicero (OL 2-0795). A substantial bit of old Bohemia, in motif and menu, and both are most satisfactory. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Landl's, Golf rd. near Edens hgwy., Skokie (OR 3-2770). The decor is simple; the food is elegant and appetizing. 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

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Old Spinning Wheel, 421 Ogden av., Hinsdale (Hinsdale 80). If you like American antiques as well as wholesome food, you'll find this charming log cabin well worth the short drive. Noon to 8 p.m.

Sally's on the Skokie, Skokie hgwy. near Glenview rd., Skokie (OR 3-3131). Eat here any time: it never closes, never skimps on quality or quantity. 24 hrs. daily.

The Studio, 114 n. Marion st., Oak Park (EU 6-0746). They must be using almost all the sauces and seasonings that make good food better in the cooking here. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The Tally-Ho, 19 s. Northwest hgwy., Park Ridge (TA 3-4156). The atmosphere

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is colonial; excellent service and appetizing meals. Noon to 8 p.m. Closed Mondays.

Wenzlaff's, Milwaukee av., Wheeling (Wheeling 129). The homemade relishes and desserts and the pleasing entrees (many of German origin) make a drive here worthwhile. Noon to 10 p.m. Closed Wednesdays.

FOR THE CHILDREN

("What shall we do with the children this week-end?" There are times when the fondest — and most resourceful — of parents can find this a stopper. Yet the area is rich in possibilities for the entertainment of children of all ages up to adolescence, when they can seek fun on their own. CHICAGO'S *Editors propose to pool their own suggestions with their readers', which are hereby solicited, and thus list helpful suggestions about doing "something different" with Junior and his sister.)*

Miss Rita Criste is probably the only theater director in this area who will casually interrupt a play in the middle of an act to permit the audience to wriggle, twitch, stretch and otherwise release accumulated energy. Miss Criste is the competent director of the Children's Theater of Evanston and teaches in the school of speech at Northwestern University.

During one Children's Theater performance recently, Miss Criste observed a restlessness in the audience which seemed likely to reach a stage of eruption. She promptly walked on to the set and asked the main character, an old lady celebrating her ninetieth birthday, if a group of children out front might wish her a happy birthday. After standing and singing two choruses of the traditional song, the youngsters relaxed and enjoyed the rest of the performance.

The actors in the Children's Theater are pupils from the Evanston public schools, supplemented in some adult roles by Northwestern students. They offer two series of plays each year, one for pre-school and primary grades, at Nichols School, and the other for intermediate grades, at Haven School. This, the Theater's twenty-ninth season, began in October and will end with the last performance at Nichols School May 22. Their repertoire includes recent plays as well as the classic "Treasure Island," "Rumplestiltskin," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Peter Pan," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," etc.

Among the attractions of the theater is the modest price of the tickets. A season ticket, good for three plays in either group, costs $1.50. Single tickets are 60c.

The March schedule:

Nichols School, Greenleaf at Elmwood, for pre-school and primary grade children: "The Musical Grasshopper Green." March 6 at 10 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

Haven School, (Prairie at Lincoln): next play in April.

Address all mail orders for tickets to Children's Theater, School of Speech, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Other March events:

Goodman Memorial Theater, e. Monroe st. and Columbus dr. "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," Sats. March 6 and 13, at 2:30 p.m.; Sat., March 6, at 10 a.m.; Suns. March 7 and 14, at 3 p.m. "Rip Van Winkle," Sats. March 20 and 27 at 2:30 p.m.; Suns. March 21 and 28, at 3 p.m.

The Chicago Historical Society, n. Clark st. at w. North av. "Museum Mornings," free illustrated lectures for boys and girls, every Sat., 10 a.m. Subject for March: "Trails, Rails, and Ships: Chicago Tansportation Thru the Years." Also "Week Day Assemblies," one hour talks with film, every Wed., 10 a.m. Subject for March: "Reconstruction and Domestic Issues." The Chicago Historical Society is open weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sat. 12:30 to 5.

Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. Young People's Concerts, Conductor George Schick; narrator, George A. Kuyper; soloist, Annette Damiani (soprano). Program: Prokofieff, Delibes, Herbert, Bizet, Verdi, Mascagni, deFalla, Humperdinck, Tschaikowsky, Gliere. Tues. mat., March 2 and 30 at 3:00.

Brookfield Zoo, 14 miles west of the Loop, in Brookfield, Ill. Where moats separate spectator and animals. Daily 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free Thursdays, Sa., Sun., and holidays; other days 30c.

Lincoln Park Zoo, 2200 north in Lincoln Park. Nearly 2,000 mammals, birds and reptiles. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; adm. free. Feature for March: Jim the mountain lion.

Trailside. A little known small zoo that offers special fun for younger children as well as older is in The Trailside Museum of Natural History, located in the Thatcher's Wood forest preserve, 738 Thatcher road, River Forest. The Trailside Museum specializes in animals and birds, both alive and stuffed, which are found in the Chicago area, especially in the preserves. The live animals which comprise the zoo are in and around an old converted dwelling-house; the informality of the zoo is highlighted by the presence of a large elderly owl which for years has been sitting, uncaged, in one of the rooms, sternly inspecting the strange young creatures who come to visit. This zoo-museum can be reached by driving out Chicago avenue to Thatcher road. Open 10 a.m. to 12 noon; 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Thursdays.

Parks. The Recreation division of the Chicago Park District offers an inexhaustible program of scheduled activities for children. In the parks thruout the city there are classes in competitive sports, drama, music, dancing, art, craft, dog training and other activities, details of which will be reported in subsequent issues. Meanwhile, information about these extensive activities for children may be had thru your local park or at the Administration building, Chicago Park District, 425 e. 14th blvd., Chicago 5.

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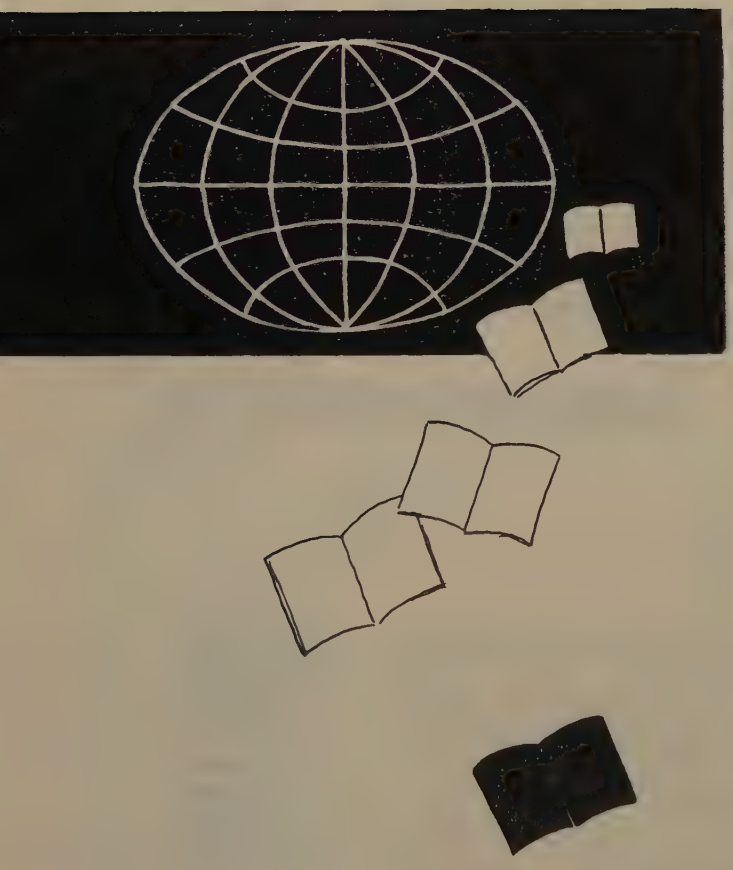


In a world where there are already too many publications it is fair to ask: Why another? And if another, why **CHICAGO***?*

The answer to this question, the Editors think, depends on what you believe about Chicago, the city. They have thought of it as a capital city, whose five million residents are the nucleus of a midwest population of forty million. A city which, with all its faults and blemishes, is a prodigy among the world's cities — an awkward prodigy, but one whose lunges into the future may be just as spectacular as its last hundred years from swampland to metropolis.

They have, however, also thought of it in another sense. They have thought of it as two cities. One of them, crude, crashing, and boisterous, is famous and notorious: the city of the railroads, the packing plants, the steel mills, the gangsters and the boodlers. The other, which in the long run may prove more real, is often overlooked: the city which has been a principal seedbed of the most important and revolutionary aspects of American life.

But while Chicago is two cities, it also can be described, like any place where millions of people have come together, as a dozen different cities, old and new, squalid and spectacular. This is the

city that swindled the Potawatomies, jacked itself seven feet above the swamp one summer, and gathered the railroads in its fist. It is the city which, when it first acquired one million residents — 50 years after its incorporation — counted four-fifths of them as immigrants or the children of immigrants. It assembled its builders from the dispossessed, handed them the blueprints of Jeffersonian democracy and the industrial revolution, then left them on their own. We've been on our own ever since, and in the course of some decades have revolutionized modern society with the reaper, the skyscraper, the railroads and the steel mills, and have relentlessly debauched the idea of self-government with our slums, our gangsters and our politicians.

Currently, Chicago is the city of the atomic scientists, Franz Alexander, Anton Carlson and *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse;* also of Paddy Bauler, Jake Guzick, B-girls and $50 murders. We seem to be on our way to becoming the medical center of the world, and at the same time in the south side slums have a problem about keeping tenement kids from being eaten by rats. City-planning originated here as much as any place, and a generation later we have two inches of subway, a late start on an expressway network, and forty square miles of blight.

Good or bad, Chicago is always starting something new: movies, radio, city-planning, television; watching them pack up and move off, and then starting something new again. It's perpetually looking like a has-been, and then triggering a revolution, as in Hull House, progressive education, or the release of atomic energy. It's a seedbed from which the shoots have to be transplanted to survive, but new ones keep coming up out of the same stony soil. For the last twenty years, its own citizens have been talking about the fact that it is finished, falling apart; in the last ten, it has added to its metropolitan area a population equivalent to Pittsburgh's and become the world's fourth largest city and second richest market area.

Subtract what Chicago has given to it, and you wouldn't recognize America. But Chicago once dreamed of becoming the biggest and wealthiest metropolis of all, then lost faith in that destiny. In so far as it gave up the idea of getting bigger and bigger for the sake of getting bigger and bigger, the loss can be borne. It remains one of the three cities, along with Boston and New York, which have made a fundamental difference in the development of the nation — in industry, technology, architecture and social reform, in a dozen fields of science, and several arts. And always, it remains, as foreign visitors instantly recognize, *the* American city: the place where everything most distinctive and colorful in American life, for good or bad, is alive and fighting.

The magazine will see its city also as one whose personal drama is being played out against a backdrop of world events; whose outstanding men and women, beginning with Cyrus McCormick, Louis Sullivan and Jane Addams, have been vivid examples of what the West has to offer: a challenge to create abundance, decent conditions of life, and neighborliness in the world.

Such a challenge turns back, of course, on the people who offer it: the next decades would be a good time for Chicago to return to some of the ideas it has spawned, then neglected in the violence of its growth, and begin to realize them here.

No magazine has yet used the full resources of contemporary journalism — spot reporting, feature articles, fiction, the camera, the artist's pen and brush — to bring into focus one great city. Not an isolated section of it, not this class or that group, but all its people, in their night-and-daily doings: the industrialists, the technicians, the builders, the scientists, the entertainers, the artists, and writers: and also the freaks, the eccentrics, the thugs, the prowlers in the lower depths, the million forms of Everyman and his wife. CHICAGO will look at all of them, and will find its editorial bias, and its excitement, in doing so.

For us, as Editors, the key concept is Energy: a hopeful energy, localized in the story of what Chicago is and may become.

The focus is on People: who they are, what they do, how they look to the city's liveliest writers, artists, and cameramen.

The primary purpose is Entertainment: but entertainment for those who want it with salt as well as sugar, who are prepared to welcome a magazine that, along with a springy step and a sense of humor, has muscles, nerves and brains.

It can be an exciting magazine,
an entertaining one, and a useful one.
Given time, it may even, as its Editors
believe, become a great magazine.

ADMIRAL GALLERY

AND HIS PRAIRIE

BY JOHN H. THOMPSON

Photographs by Robert Buchbinder

The Admiral and aide, with model of the captured U-boat; shown is a cross-section of the torpedo room.

Currently, anyone asked to identify Rear Admiral Daniel Vincent Gallery would be almost sure to do so by referring to the U-boat which his carrier kidnapped during World War II, and which will by summer be installed as a permanent exhibit in the Museum of Science and Industry.

The submarine's capture was a standout individual exploit of the Atlantic campaign, and so the identification is appropriate. It circumscribes Gallery, though. This is a pity, since the Admiral is, by odds, one of the most untrammeled and refreshing personalities to emerge from Annapolis in our time. In addition, this identification does less than justice both to his present role – chief of Naval Air Reserve Training – and to his headquarters, the Naval Air Station at Glenview, an installation whose importance to national defense is unsuspected by most residents of this area.

Long before the Admiral had realized his dream of snatching a U-boat – for the taking of the U-505 was no lucky break, but the fruit of a year's planning and drilling – he had made a name for himself, in and out of the Navy, for a series of offbeat achievements. These include: falling out of, and back into, an airplane while stunting at 6,500 feet; wrestling as a flyweight in the 1921 Olympics at Antwerp; being the first admiral to land an airplane on a carrier; developing the art of night flying from a carrier deck. Add the capacity – and taste – for an occasional depth-bombing of Washington bureaucracy, both political and service vari-

FLIGHT DECK

eties, plus a knack of delivering in emergencies — and you have someone to watch in the Navy hierarchy.

Gallery today is a wiry, slender figure of a sailor. He has a face of bleached and folded parchment, outstanding ears, and an expression, usually quiet, which from time to time justifies the cliché about a hawk-like glance. In his own words (the Admiral's writing style is often on the gamey side but occasionally has a touch of poetry) he has travelled around the sun 52 times — 37 times in Navy uniform. On one of these trips, he married the former Vera Lee Dunn of Fremont, Neb., a horsewoman and French poodle raiser, and now has three adopted children. In appearance and manner, Gallery is a cross between a leprechaun and a seadog. He is also a far cry from the small fry who (as did Admiral Hyman Rickover, chief sponsor of the recently launched atomic submarine *Nautilus*) started for salt water from Chicago's West Side.

Gallery was born in July, 1901, in a three-story stone house near Harrison and Racine. All of Gallery's grandparents came from Ireland and prospered in this city.

Gallery's father, Daniel Vincent senior, became a lawyer, but only after loss of an eye frustrated his ambition to become a naval officer. Shortly after his eldest son entered grade school, the elder Gallery pointed a finger at him and announced flatly: "You are going to Annapolis." The youngster accepted this verdict with enthusiasm; so, in their turns, did his brothers William and Philip, both now Navy captains.

In preparation for his sons' future careers, Mr. Gallery personally supervised nightly home-work sessions, as they studied their way through grammar schools and St. Ignatius high school, a Jesuit academy located in "Death Valley" near Roosevelt road and Blue Island avenue. He gave an examination every Friday evening, the results of which were kept from year to year in the family files. Daniel responded by leading his high school class and by sailing thru his Annapolis examination. He also at

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U. S. NAVY

Admiral Gallery

this time gave a foretaste of the writing knack which has turned him, in his spare moments, into a sort of poor man's C. S. Forester. This foretaste took the form of an essay, "Good Taste In Dress," in which he presumably defended knickerbockers, the short jacket with half-belt in back, and long black stockings, which he sported as a member of the West Side junior set. The essay won a prize — his first long pants — offered by Henry C. Lytton's. (The Admiral has since done even better as a writer: he turns out sea and air yarns for the *Saturday Evening Post, Argosy,* and other magazines; also, occasionally, serious articles on guided missile development and similiar topics).

In 1917, young Gallery definitely put aside his alternative ambition — becoming a third baseman on the White Sox — and entered Annapolis. He graduated and was commissioned as an ensign in 1920, spent three years in the engine rooms of various service vessels, and then decided to pioneer in naval aviation.

This involved him in a hair-raising incident at the Navy's flying school in Pensacola, Fla. While doing acrobatics in an open-cockpit plane of the period, Gallery put it into a slow roll. Just as it turned over completely, his safety belt unaccountably slipped. Head first, Ensign Gallery started down toward Florida.

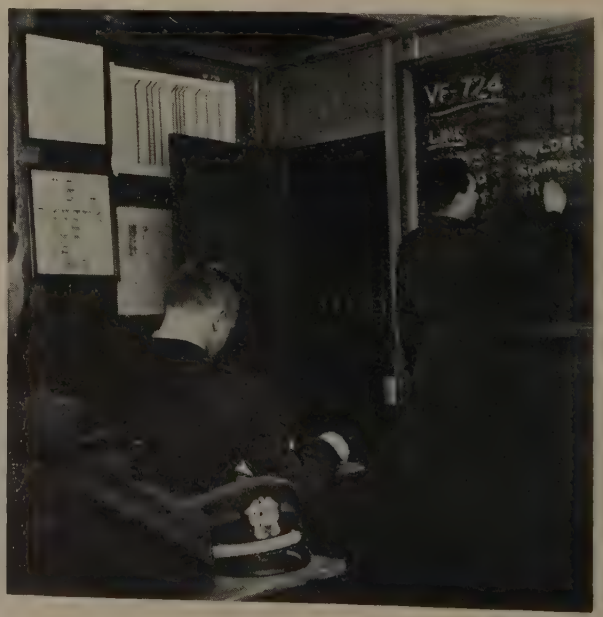
At the moment of leaving the cockpit completely, his toe caught under the top edge of the cowling, and held for the fraction of time in which the plane completed its roll and came upright. Simultaneously it went into a vertical dive, but Gallery was able to pull himself back into his seat and level off.

Gallery won his wings in 1927, returning to school five years later to specialize in aviation ordnance, in which he has since become expert. He was chief of the aviation section of Navy Ordnance until 1940, when he went to our London embassy as a navy air observer of the blitz.

When this country was dive-bombed into war by the Japanese, Gallery, by now a captain, went to command the Fleet air base at Reykjavik, Iceland. The monotony of this post was too much for a peppery young salt like Gallery; he broke it up from time to time by badgering his opposite numbers in the U. S. Army and British Air commands in Iceland. The demoralization of the former was easily accomplished. It required only such a maneuver as trapping their baseball team into playing

Five days a week, Leonard Kozlowski, 33, a motorcycle cop, works out of the Garfield park police station.

One weekend a month, he becomes Lt. Cmdr. Kozlowski, here chalking up assignments for his jet squadron.



against the Navy Air nine at 4 a.m., after an all-night Army drinking party.

With the British, Gallery actually got along fine ("I'm eternally grateful to your ancestors for persecuting my ancestors so I was born in the U. S. A."). But their top braid have a habit of signing even trivial communications with a string of initials representing various orders and decorations. This aroused the puckish irreverence which is part of Gallery's character. He took to signing his own communications to the British: "Daniel V. Gallery, D. D. L. M.," and waited for the local Air Commander from the Admiralty to ask what the initials meant. "They're the equivalent of your top honor, K. C. B. E., (Knight Commander of the British Empire)," explained Captain Gallery. "Very interesting," replied the Commander. "What do they stand for?"

"Why, they stand for Dan, Dan, the Lavatory Man."

In this period, Captain Gallery trained his 12 Catalina bombers to the point where they ended up scoring more enemy submarine kills than any other U. S. squadron in the Atlantic. One result of this feat was the assignment, in 1943, which Gallery regards as the romantic peak of his navy career: command of the USS Guadalcanal, one of the 50 "jeep" or "baby" flattops which, as he has pointed out with blunt candor, were built over official service opposition, only after Henry Kaiser took his blueprints for mass-producing them to President Roosevelt.

It was during this period, of course, that Gallery, after having sunk four undersea boats, ended up by blowing the whistle on a fifth, and towing it into Bermuda Harbor. The prize came complete with the German Admiralty's secret code book, but the Admiralty never knew about this. As Admiral Gallery put it, this coup turned the Nazi radio operators at Naval HQ in Berlin into U. S. intelligence agents for the rest of the war.

To the officer lucky and able enough to seize his chances, the Navy can offer an amazing range of experiences. After the Guadalcanal command and a less eventful spell in the Pacific, Gallery served a term in Washington as deputy chief of naval operations, and later as assistant chief for guided missiles. In the former position he found an unusually efficient way of goading his superiors. He did this, first, by backing a plan under which in certain combat situations young navy flying officers were put over their seniors who lacked air time; and second, by meeting the old-timers' objections to this innovation with a bland assurance:

Meanwhile maintenance trainees, who are part of the 30,000 enlisted men among reservists, study carburetion.

WAVE V. Jewitt and TD3 C. Bennish work on Link Trainer, which stimulates flight, conditioning pilots to jets.

Admiral Gallery

"As soon as the war is over, sir, and it's safe to do so, we will go back to your system."

His second assignment in Washington, like his present one in Glenview, may have more long-range importance for the country's defense than anything the Admiral had previously done. An earlier experience with development of the Norden bombsight, plus his long-time interest in aviation ordnance, led Gallery into the guided missile field, where he spent three years helping develop techniques for launching the missiles from carriers, submarines and other combat craft. The Admiral, incidentally, is convinced that, in guided missile development, advantage is now with the defense. That inter-continental rocket of the future with its atomic warhead may well – if our screen of detectors and interceptors is set up in time – be hunted down in the stratosphere, and destroyed somewhere over the Polar wastes or the mid-Pacific.

Surveying his career, Admiral Gallery may (he doesn't say so) feel about his present assignment as he did about his Iceland stint: not the most stimulating duty he has had, but possibly as important as any.

And possibly more than any.

Glenview Naval Air Station is more vital in defense planning than the domestic suburbs which neighbor it could guess – a fact which can be illustrated by its role in the Korean action. There are reasons to think it may become even more important in the future as the United States further develops its new strategy.

The Korean War was not a victory. But the air war over Korea pushed it as close to victory as anything. One reason is that, in a matter of months after it began, men of the flying reserve began rocketing into the combat runs to fill out the thin ranks of regular navy flying officers.

And the point about Glenview is not that it is another training field, but that it is headquarters for the entire Navy and Marine training program for reserve fliers, all over the country. The pace at which the civilian "weekend warriors" were converted back into fighter-pilots was set at Glenview, in the command post now occupied by Admiral Gallery.

Actually, Glenview includes four separate commands: chief of Naval Air Reserves (Gallery); Commander of Marine Air Reserves (General Frank H. Lamson-Scribner, a Korean veteran); the Naval Air Station; and the Combat Information

In the map room, training-flight plans are made for Kozlowski's squadron of 17 pilots.

A ground crew man posts flight assignments as pilots talk it over in ready room.

Center, where Navy personnel learn to use electronic surveillance and detection equipment. As headquarters of the first command, Glenview is first among 28 bases and over 100 sub-stations which have 45,000 reservists taking weekend training. The Korean record gives muscle to these figures.

The Communist invasion started June 25, 1950 — a Sunday. The following Thursday, orders went out from Glenview to the other posts, and from the posts to the reservists attached to each. Next morning, 98% of them had reported for duty. (They were bitter in most cases — much more notice had been promised them — but they reported.) This first call-up provided the Navy with 14 squadrons, including 728 officers and 2,376 enlisted men. Eventually 10,000 officers and enlisted men were on duty in 42 squadrons.

By June, 1951 — a year later — every third airstrike in Korea was flown by a reservist. Three carriers from the "mothball" fleet then in action carried the following percentage of reserve pilots: the Princeton (skippered by Admiral Gallery's brother, William), 50%; the Boxer, 90%; the Bonhomme Richard, 100%.

In the regular navy it takes 18 months to train a pilot from scratch; the reservists called in to Glenview and the other bases were ready for action after two- and three-month refresher courses. Many not only bridged the gap from their World War II service, but switched from propeller to jet planes.

These are the chief reasons why a stretch of prairie 1,000 miles from the nearest salt water is nevertheless the nerve-center of the fleet air arm: the flight-deck from which the fighters and bombers took off to stalemate the more numerous enemy forces in Korea by chewing up their supply routes.

Its role in the training program goes back to 1937, when the Navy took over a golf course and the old Curtis-Wright airport. A few years later, $15 millions had gone to cover its 1,500 acres with a complete maintenance system, hangars, command post, 1,300,000 square yards of concrete runways and landing mats (two of these, 8,000 feet long each, can take the fastest-landing jets so far built). During the second World War, the Navy supplemented Glenview's facilities by shearing the topside off two Lake Michigan sidewheelers, slapping on short flight decks, and using them, as the *Wolverine* and the *Sable,* to train cadets in carrier takeoffs and landings.

The end of the Korean war would, one might think, reduce activities at Glenview; Admiral Gallery thinks the opposite will happen. In addition to

Capt. Ford N. Taylor and Kozlowski, both World War II veterans, chat before the latter climbs into Cougar jet.

Parachute harness gets a last-minute check. Weather permitting, reservists must spend half of their duty hours aloft.

the reservists who are now coming out one weekend a month for their required training, he looks for a large number of Korean veterans to sign up, just to keep their hands in. Meanwhile, his training staff is introducing the reservists to some planes so new that squadrons of the fleet haven't seen them yet. And it is rotating available jets, so that all fighter-pilots will soon be qualified for combat duty in them.

Other factors may increase the importance of Glenview. One of them is the Admiral's belief – shared by many other experts – that in guided missile development, defensive weapons are likely to prove more efficient than offensive. This ought logically to mean an extension of the present policy of restricting our land forces and retrenching on the more elaborate ground installations here and abroad. But such a development will add to the pressure on all the services to keep their air forces in top readiness. That means an expanded, not a curtailed, training program at Glenview and elsewhere.

In a duty like his present one, the usual tour is two years. Gallery has less than a year more, and where he will go when he walks off his prairie flight deck is anybody's guess. Possibly to the Pentagon – an assignment he would, on his past record, hate, but where his thinking on guided missile development might conceivably affect basic military, and therefore in the long run, political strategy in the Cold War.

In any case, wherever the youngster from the West Side goes, he will take the sea with him. It would be impossible to imagine a man on whom love of seamanship and flying had made a deeper mark. And his love of the Navy and its men is a much more real characteristic of Gallery than his impish need, from time to time, to tickle pomposities. These are joined to an ability to think problems thru freshly, unhampered by Navy routine. They are backed by a variety of experience unusually rich even in this branch of the service. A young 52, Gallery seems likely in his future trips around the sun to add even more substantially, as C. S. Forester has said of him, "to history and to the gaiety of nations."

Glenview-trained fighter group thunders over enemy-held ridges in early Korean action.

MARINE CORPS PHOTO

Before giving takeoff signal, control tower operator scans lineup of Cougars on runway.

All pilots in this squadron were re-trained from piston to jet-engine fighters in weekend courses at Glenview.

Strangely like a Phoenix

by JOHN MCGRATH

illustrated by ELSA KULA

AT first you wouldn't notice him. He was small and quiet, but once you got a good look you knew you were going to talk to him because there was something intrusively sad about his face, something lost, empty and discarded.

His lids slanted over the outside edge of his eyeballs, pig-fashion, and the skin beneath was prematurely criss-crossed.

He sat in the next seat on a train coming into Chicago from Wisconsin and he kept playing with his fingers and pressing the palms of his hands together. His palms were wet. When he realized what he was doing he let both hands drop in his lap, blotting them against his trousers. He wanted to talk but he didn't know how to start, so I asked him if he was going to Chicago.

"Yes," he said thankfully, "yes. You going there too?"

"Yes," I said.

"Me too," he repeated. He wanted to talk about himself. He started right in. "Seeing some doctors there. They got a clinic for alcoholics. That's what I am." He was neither ashamed nor proud of the statement, but there was a compulsion to talk about it.

"We got a kind of club for fellows who want to quit drinking. Haven't had a drink in six months. Haven't been to Chicago for six months either. Wonderful town. Ever been there? Wonderful town."

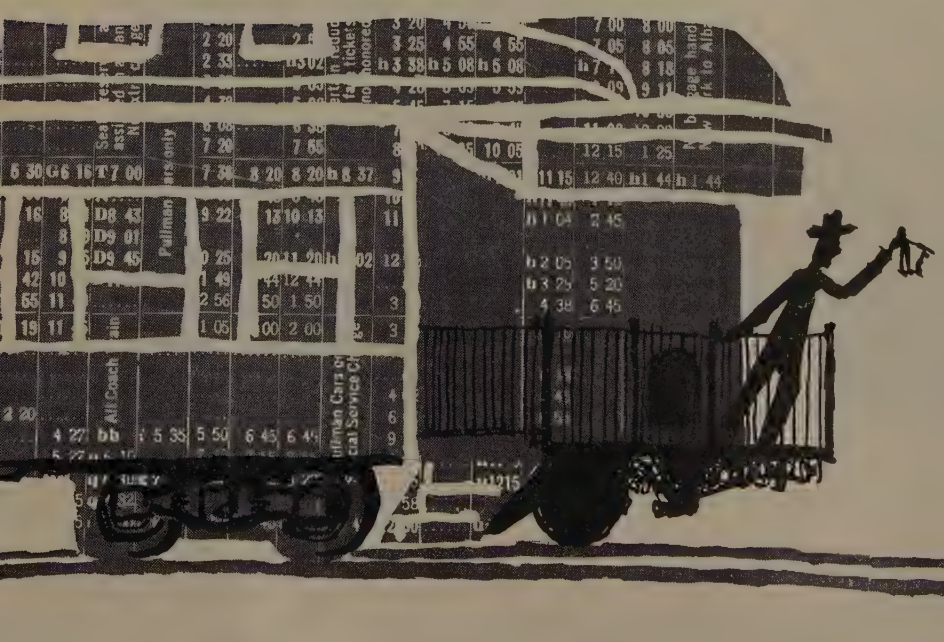
His eyes were afraid and he began again to press the palms of his hands wetly together. There were shaving scratches on his cheeks and on his tough-beard chin where the razor had nicked him.

"You drink much?" he asked.

"Enough."

"Knew you had a drink. Smelled it when I sat down here. That's why I wanted to talk to you. Me, I used to spend half my time in hospitals and the other half getting drunk – from time I was 17 when I got married. Eight years ago."

For the first time he looked straight at me. His eyes were pale blue and jiggled slightly. He turned his glance away.



"That's why I joined the club. Doing me good, too. Feel better, but I sure wish I could drink without going crazy. My friends don't act like that. They have a couple drinks, get up in the morning, go to work, and everything's fine. But not me.

"Like last week I go to a tavern with a girl and another couple. That's in Madison. Told myself, if you're gonna give up the stuff you gotta be able to look at it without going crazy. Sometimes a fellow likes to go in a tavern just to talk. Even when he knows he ain't gonna drink, he likes to go in and talk to the fellows because he likes the way they talk. Sometimes he's as lonesome for the talk as he is for the booze. Know what I mean?"

"Very well."

"Sometimes I just like to stand in front of a tavern thinking maybe my ex-wife will come by. I know she ain't gonna talk to me, except to say hello, and I don't blame her, but sometimes I just like to look at her and then after while I can walk away and she'll know I ain't drinking and then I can go home and throw myself on the bed with my clothes on. Funny thing, it's better you don't take your clothes off because then you don't feel so lonesome and things don't seem so final. You keep telling yourself you might get up any minute and call up a girl or go out and pick one up or go out for a walk and get a cup of coffee or maybe even a drink. You done that, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"And you lay there wondering just what one thing caused all this — and the divorce — and you can't think of one thing at all, only just a lot of unimportant things that don't seem to add up."

"They never do."

"You wonder why in hell you're living and you keep looking out the window to see if it's morning because you have to get some sleep before you go to work, and then after while you konk out with your clothes on and the lights burning faintly because the sun is up. How old is your son?"

"How did you know I had one?"

"The way you talked to me."

"He's 25."

"Me, too. What does he do?"

"Lawyer."

"He's not like you, is he?"

"No."

"Seems like they never are. My old man's pious as a saint. Last week, like I told you, I went to a saloon, but first I go across the street — this is in Madison — and ate two chocolate ice creams. Sometimes eating candy and ice cream helps because they got sugar in them and alcohol's got plenty sugar, too. It helped a little and I went to the bar and we were having a pretty good time sitting around talking until I see they're getting high, and then I get to thinking of all them rows of whiskey bottles and thinking what I would do with them until I get myself all tied up in knots and had to run out to a drug store and get me some bromides. Felt like I just missed being run over by a train and I know I can't go back to that bar, so I call my girl and ask her did she want to go to a movie, and she said 'hell, no.' Said she wanted to stay where she was, so I went to a movie and all the time I kept thinking about them sitting there in that bar and having a good time. Don't even know what the movie was about but it helps some just to sit there because it makes you sleepy."

He wasn't asking for pity, but what can you say to him? I tried to get the conversation around to something beside alcohol but just then the club car porter came up and asked if we wanted anything to drink.

"Gimme a coke," the young man said.

"I'll have one, too."

"Whyn't you get something else. Get a real drink. It won't bother me none. Go ahead."

"A coke is fine."

"Get a real drink, man."

"I'll just have a coke," I said, getting thirstier by the minute.

Phoenix

"You know," the young man said, "when that porter asked did we want a drink I wanted to say 'a double bourbon with a little plain water on the side.' That's what I always ordered."

He finished his coke without taking his lips from the bottle.

"Always drank it fast. My old man thinks all you gotta do to stop drinking is to stop drinking. He don't know it's a disease and has to be treated like a disease. Him and my wife were mad at me all the time. Always hated my old man but I sure as hell didn't hate my wife. Like I said, my wife liked to drink, but she ain't no alcoholic. Gets up in the morning and goes to work every day – we didn't have no kids – but me, if I get one drink there ain't nothing this side of hell than can keep me from that bottle till I collapse a month later and end up in a hospital."

He sat there looking at his black hairy hands and then began to press his slippery palms together again. That sadness in him began intruding again with an unfair impact, but he wasn't asking anybody to feel sorry for him. He just wanted to talk.

"That's how it was. That's why my wife divorced me. That was two years ago. Was divorced a month before I even know it. Didn't find out till I got out of the hospital. Funny thing, you can be an alcoholic even if you don't drink. Know that? And here's something else a fellow's got to learn. He's got to learn that lots of times when he gives up drinking his drinking pals don't like him around because the thing they like in him is the drinking. That's what our club calls sharing the guilt. And he's got to learn that he don't change like that because he still likes them because they drink, and he don't like people that don't drink. Oh, he likes people who don't drink all right, but he don't get lonesome for them so much."

He gazed at the empty coke bottle, picked it up and turned it around in his hand.

"Never thought I'd be drinking this stuff, me that wouldn't even touch beer. Had to be a double bourbon with a little plain water on the side. Always drank it fast. Sometimes when I walk down the street in Madison, or around the square, and pass a tavern I say to myself 'a double bourbon with a little plain water on the side.' And when we wanted one more drink we'd always say 'and one to grow on.'"

"Tell me about the clinic you're going to."

"They got the records from my hospital in Madison. Just going to take a look at me and talk to me. You busy when we get to Chicago?"

"Not particularly."

"You know, when we get in trouble – when we feel like we're falling off the wagon – we're supposed to call up our club and they'll send somebody down to talk to you no matter what time it is. That's the way they keep you from falling off the wagon, just talking to you. Works good, too. Funny thing, it works better with the smart fellows. Take our group. Most of them are from the University, or they're newspapermen, or doctors, or lawyers. Things like that. They get more out of the meetings than me but I'm doing pretty good, too. Know why they get more out of it than me? Because they got something to talk about. They talk about politics and stuff like that – I don't mean who's gonna get elected, but things like what the government should do, and they talk about books. Jesus, them people must spend all their time reading books. Don't know when they had time to get drunk. Jesus, them men must spend all their time reading books, and they like to talk about them. They laugh and have a good time. All I gotta talk about is drinking – like I'm doing now – and that's why it's harder for me. Our club's got a slogan and I must be the guy they had in mind when they wrote it. That slogan is one drink's too many and a million ain't enough. That's the truest slogan anybody ever thought up, far as I'm concerned. One drink's too many and a million ain't enough."

He shook his head in wonder at the greatness of this truth.

"Going to call your club when you get to Chicago?"

"If I catch myself slipping, but I won't fall off. I been on the wagon for six months and I'm staying. One reason I'm staying is I ain't got no choice. Either I stay on it or go nuts, and sometimes I think I'll go nuts if I do stay on. You ever feel that way?"

"Sometimes. I know what you mean."

"Thought you did. If I could only go out and have a few drinks and meet my ex-wife and my pals and then go home and get up in the morning and go to work like everybody else. Funny thing, that's what I dream about. Maybe once a week I dream me and my ex-wife – but in my dream she's my wife – and some friends are out having a couple drinks and maybe making fools of ourselves but, you know, all right, and then we go out and have some coffee and she says 'let's go home' and I say 'sure thing' and she takes my arm and we go home. That's as far as that dream ever gets. Suddenly I wake up and I'm dripping wet with sweat and that's when I really want a drink so I just lay there in bed with the lights on. What you dream about?"

"Falling off high places. When we get to Chicago, let's you and I go in the station and call your club."

"Maybe I should, because Chicago's the place I done most of my drinking. Used to go down on Friday afternoon, like this is Friday afternoon – not every Friday afternoon, of course, but when I did go it was on Friday. At first my wife used to come with me and we'd get a room at the Sherman Hotel and we'd make the spots on Randolph street and later the spots on Rush street, but when it came time to go back to Madison on Sunday I'd never go and she'd have to go home alone. After while she stopped coming to Chicago with me and I don't blame her, I sure as hell don't blame her at all. You like your wife?"

"Yes."

"That's good. She get mad at you?"

"Yes."

"We sure give them reason to get mad at us. Like one time my wife found me in a North Clark street dive and I didn't even have my clothes in the room and there she was standing in the door with that broken look, the kind of broken look you know can't be fixed, but she always said everything's going to be all right soon as she got me back home.

"You know, at the time I didn't care when she finds me without even clothes to wear because it didn't seem like it made any difference, but after I got sober in the hospital all I had to do was to think of that and I felt like I was bleeding inside, and all I could see was that broken, broken face that would never be right again so long as it was looking at me. Ever felt like that?"

"I think so."

"Never did find out what happened to them clothes. Don't know if they were stolen or if I went swimming in Lake Michigan and left them on the shore. If I did I'm sure glad the cops didn't find me because they don't like to see you without clothes because that means you ain't got no pockets to carry money in."

He shook his head and for the second time looked directly at me. His eyes still jiggled.

"Had a hell of a time, though."

The train slowed slightly and swayed as it pulled into the suburbs. Children were getting out of school, and cars and trucks were lined up at the street crossings. Trees began to

thin out and factories lined the railroad tracks. Passengers began to gather their packages and luggage.

"Why did you go to Chicago to drink?"

"Liked to get away from home. Never liked to drink – you know, drink lots – around people I know, and I always drank lots. That's why going back to Chicago now is tough. You know, all them hotels and taverns where you used to drink and you keep remembering all them people, but you can't remember what a single one looks like, just a lot of faces milling around and walking down the streets, and walking down Michigan avenue, and all them taverns on Rush street, and the juke boxes going and everybody having fun and nobody working, and there ain't no clocks on the walls – no time at all – and there you are all alone like you want to be with all them people and you don't know a single one of them, walking in the electric light dark. It ain't like that at home."

"Is it easy to stop drinking at home?"

"It ain't easy but I never had so much fun home so there ain't so much to remember or forget, I don't know which. It ain't easy to pass bars in Madison but it's better than in Chicago because there ain't so many of them for one thing."

"If you call your club they'll go to the clinic with you and stay with you until your train leaves."

"Could do that. You gonna be busy?"

"No. When does your train leave?"

"Around six."

"Want me to go to the clinic with you?"

"Don't think I ought to call the club less I'm in trouble." He spoke slowly, questioningly, wanting to be agreed with.

"I'll go with you."

"Let's don't take a taxi. Let's walk across the Loop. Used to be a wonderful town for picking up girls. After I got divorced, I mean. Never bothered with them before that. But afterwards I did and it was a wonderful town to pick up girls in. Still is, I guess. Used to be a million of them on the streets and in the bars waiting for guys to pick them up. You know, funny thing. When I been drinking, until just before I joined the club, I wanted a dozen girls all the time and the drunker I got the more I wanted. How about you?"

"I'm too old to remember."

"After about a week I didn't want anything but whiskey. Now I haven't had a drink for six months and when I walk down the streets in Madison I'm not looking for girls like I did in Chicago. Sometimes when I'm walking out by the University I see a girl who's pretty because maybe she looks like my ex-wife and I wish I had enough nerve to go up to her and talk to her like I used to when I was drinking in Chicago. Now I meet a girl and she's nice and I take her to a movie and think maybe I'll take her some place afterwards, maybe to a hotel, but it's no go because when I'm sober there ain't no girl I want except my wife and when I'm drunk all I like is girls and my wife's no better than anybody else.

"Here's what I'm trying to say: when I'm sober I don't like any woman but my wife and she's through with me, and I'm through with liquor, see?"

You could see all right. The poor bastard. You kept thinking of all the men you knew who went out for a week-end of debauchery and who would awaken Monday morning knowing that the party was over and that dawn meant a return to work, because for them the dream didn't persist, because for them the dream was fleeting, desirably fleeting, and reality was mercifully waiting for them, and they wanted it. But this poor bastard. He has to stay sober to want what he can't get. He has to drink – which above all he must not do – to get what he wants.

"Funny thing, you never can see it coming," he said. "Everybody else can see it coming, but you can't. It don't do no good for them to tell you. What they say don't make sense. You tell yourself there's nothing wrong. You keep telling yourself there's nothing wrong and the next thing you know everything's wrong and you're busted up like an electric light bulb crashing on a cement floor, but you never see it coming. You never can tell."

His face lighted galvanically and he pointed out the window.

"There she is! There she is! Christ, it's good to be back. Don't she look good? Wonderful place," – the Loop towers rose abruptly and magically from the bogland of Illinois – "and she's got a million saloons in her and there ain't no clocks on the walls."

———

He came out of the clinic slowly, his hands deep in his coat pockets.

"What did they tell you?"

"Said I was doing good. Told me to keep it up. Said my wife called them up. Told them she was getting re-married. Told me to get a new wife. Said it would help me."

"Why don't you get married again?"

"Like I told you, it ain't so easy. Like I told you, I got to straighten out some things. Said I should get married so I wouldn't be repressed, whatever that is. Let's walk over to Rush street. All I want is a coke but you can get a real drink. Why don't you get a double bourbon with a little plain water on the side, and I'll just get a coke. Or should we go to North Clark street? We got time before the train leaves. We got almost an hour before the train leaves. Let's go there. Nothing's gonna happen because I ain't gonna drink liquor. Do you believe me?"

"Sure I believe you. Have a cigarette."

He took one puff and tossed it away.

"Wish it was dark. Wish it was dark and all the lights would go on," he said, "all the beautiful red blinking lights."

We were crossing the Michigan Avenue bridge, the bastion of the city. Ahead of us the boulevard sloped toward the Water Tower and then angled slightly to Lake Michigan. Automobiles whirred by, buzzing like insects caught on flypaper. When the traffic lights turned red there was a brief silence.

"We gotta hurry," he said. "Let's get a cab and go over to North Clark. There ain't too much time."

"What's your first name?"

"Joe."

"Not too much time for what, Joe?"

"I don't know."

"Then we don't have to hurry, do we?"

"I guess not. Don't you want a drink?"

"I'll have one tonight."

"Tonight I'll be in Madison."

We turned around and walked south on Michigan and then west toward the North Western station, not talking.

"You been good to me," he said. "I been studying you. Did I tell you anything to help you? I been trying to help you and pay you back for talking to me. Really think I helped you?"

"More than you realize. You know a great deal about me, Joe, and I know a great deal about you. I knew you better in these few hours than I have known my own . . ."

"Your own son?"

"Let it go," I said.

"Well, anyway, you have a good time tonight."

"I will try, Joe."

We crossed the river and stopped at Canal street for the traffic light to change.

"You don't have to go no farther. The depot's right there. I'm all right now. Thanks, you been good to me."

Ahead of us were the neon lights of the West Madison street Bowery.

Phoenix

"I'll go out to the train with you."

There was a crowd at the station and by the time we got to his coach it was almost train time.

He got on the train slowly. He put his hands deep in his coat pockets and walked into the car, leaving behind him the shining towers and golden domes of his magic city, his town of no-tomorrow, of no clocks on the walls, his Xanadu where all he wanted could be found in abundance but no longer embraced because one tendon of strength within him held.

How strong was that? How enduring? When he saw his city of wonder slowly pull away would he jump off the train? Those haunting and powerful chords of remembrance might pull him once again into the fleshy darkness of unreality, pulling him from saloon to saloon, pulling him to his girls, his girls, that he needed so badly, lured by juke boxes, swirling lights, the cool recesses of darkened bars, plowing through prairie darkness and dawns, patternlessly, unknowingly until his month of insouciance was ended and the Madison hospital was again awaiting him: faith-broken, forsaken even by himself.

The train began to move slowly and because you didn't know what else to do you walked along with it. Before it had gone two feet he appeared suddenly and breathlessly in the vestibule. His face had the magnificence and determination of unextinguishable fire. The lethargy that had marked him all day had vanished. In its place was the frightening splendor of renaissant lust.

"Go back to your seat, Joe. You'll be in Madison soon."

The sumptuous madness of his face wilted into a crushed, broken and forlorn reality, and his eyes were suddenly cinders.

"I wasn't going to get off," he said, "I wasn't going to get off." His voice had the detachment of a priest's in the confessional. "I just wanted to see it again. I just wanted to see the towers, and to feel it again. I wasn't going to get off."

He rubbed the palms of his hands together and then placed them against the wilderness of his frightened face.

God, shall I tell him to get off? Shall I tell him to run away and get his liquor and his girls since the poor mixed-up bastard couldn't have one without the other. Shall I tell him to go ahead and plow the stars, but then suddenly it seemed that I was standing in the vestibule and Joe was walking beside the train and all fear was washed from his face, and he kept saying "everything's gonna be all right, everything's gonna be all right."

As his coach passed I saw him walking back to his seat, his hands still deep in his coat pockets. He looked pretty brave, too, but it was the bravery of the helpless.

The steel wheels clicked against the rails, pounding out a rhythm in increasing iambic crescendo: tonight I'll be in Madison . . . today I'll be in Madison . . . this day I'll be with you in Madison. What was it? What was it Christ said? . . . This day I'll be with you in Paradise . . . "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," in Paradise, in Paradise, in Paradise.

Smoke-choked diagonals of light streaked through the roof of the train shed and a great silence fell upon the tracks, upon the platform, and upon the empty idle trains resting in their stalls.

At the bar I ordered a bourbon and seltzer for myself and a double bourbon with a little plain water on the side. I drank my bourbon slowly and started away.

"How about the other guy?" the bartender asked. "Ain't he gonna drink his drink?"

"I guess not," I said. "I'll drink it for him."

I drank it fast and started for home, feeling strangely like a phoenix.

SCHOOL OF THE DANCE

By Reuel Denney

At Miss Lynch's over the grocery all the mirrors
Reflect in mass the turns that dancing kids make,
Each trying hard, alone. They are all like
Birds in a field, leaves in a wind. The music

Sways their little Venusses and tightens their Hercules,
Over the hardwood, where they learn to please.
Out of their teacher the children are born for motion,
From skills she learned for love, for a tapping man.

The children, counting waltzes in the tones,
Have never heard of him. And yet their hearts
Retrieve, in learning, wastes of adult knowledge
With a gift of salvage native as their bones.

She teaches glibber limbs the way to fall.
She teaches stiff ones that inheritance is not all.
You see her boys go flying, girls go gliding,
Women like undersea, men transcendental.

In schools where the body learns a better role,
The role, beyond the body, turns and turns;
Beyond the lesson that the body learns
Only the unused motive burns and burns.

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WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

"As far as I can see, there's nothing worth looking at, and nobody worth knowing, anywhere west of the Water Tower."

"If Thou Warn the Wicked . . ."

We had dinner the other day with a man who left both a LaSalle street brokerage office and Chicago in the Thirties. He had just returned to town, after nearly twenty years, to have a look at his old haunts. The street hadn't changed so much, he said, but while walking down-canyon toward the Board of Trade building, he suddenly became aware that something, someone, was missing. After a little thought, he realized that the little old man who used to patrol LaSalle during the noon hour, waving a Bible above his head and warning lunch-goers to repent, was gone.

"What ever became of him?" our friend asked.

The old evangelist of whom he spoke was Edward Frederick Miller, one-time protege of Moody, who, at the age of 69, took up a mission to convert LaSalle street — or at least; denounce it.

Nowadays, only the honking of horns and the blasphemy of taxi-drivers puncture the street's respectable sobriety. But not so during the Twenties and Thirties, when Mr. Miller was on guard against Satan. We remembered one time in particular — just after Insull had been acquitted at his first trial. Mr. Miller stood in front of the Board of Trade. Everytime a newsboy yelled "INSULL NOT GUILTY," Mr. Miller bawled back, "ALL GUILTY BEFORE GOD." Although he ranged all over the Loop, his favorite street was LaSalle. "I'm after the big fellows, the money fellows. They don't care about God," he used to say.

Standing in front of the Continental-Illinois Bank, he would eye the

DESIGNED AND ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS MATIS

homburged bankers coming and going, and proclaim in an outraged voice:

"Proud America! Rotten as Sodom! Your day is done!" Then, sometimes, he would embellish this warning with, "End in HELL!"

His intonation had the manner of the outdoor evangelist, but his voice had a mightier ring than most, and never, for all his years, a hint of a quaver. We had been told that office workers heard him plainly from their perches 20 stories above LaSalle. His voice was his only asset, he used to say. His throat, browned and lined like his face, free-wheeled inside a wing collar; the throat muscles hung down in the baggy skin of his neck, like a turkey cock's. He impressed us as calm and affable; a man of experience; unreasonable but not remotely pathological.

Mr. Miller seldom drew a crowd, but when he did, and a new policeman came along and asked what was he doing, Mr. Miller would say, "Making the Devil MAD, instead of GLAD! Look at the crowd gathering," he would tell the cop. "You go about your business and I'll go about the Lord's."

If this failed, Mr. Miller would show the cop a typewritten card signed by Capt. David Fynn, then head of the police traffic division. The card read: "To all officers of the Central Traffic Division: I have known Mr. Miller for several years. His work is commendable. He is not discommoding anyone. You will not interfere with him in any way, and if others attempt to discommode him you will assist him in his meritorious efforts."

During a talk once, he told us he was born Dec. 8, 1848, which made him 86 years old at the time. His birthplace was a small town near Scranton. His parents, immigrants from Hanover, Germany, were poor farmers. Although Mr. Miller's father was not a drunkard, he occasionally hoisted a few. Mrs. Miller then would weep and young Edward would tell her that he would rather die than be like his father. Edward never drank or smoked all his life.

When he was 19, he was "set afire" by hearing the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel read in a rural Methodist church. The chapter says in part, "If thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it, and he turn not from his way, he shall surely die in his iniquity, but his blood I shall require at thy hand."

That started him into evangelism. His voice and a railroad ticket supplied by an older brother sent him to a Denver mission in 1870. There, while conducting an evangelistic service, he met, and later married, Miss Mary Drake.

"Mary, I have an idea that I'll rove all over the world in Christian work," he told her, and she replied, "I'll never stand in your way." She never did, all the way till her death in the Twenties. She bore him four children, two of whom died in infancy.

While in Denver, in 1881, Moody heard him sing and brought him to Chicago. For 35 years, Mr. Miller said, he sang on evangelistic missions all over the country with a colleague named D. W. Potter. In 1917, after Potter died, Mr. Miller, then 69, began his missionary work on LaSalle street. He lived with a married son, who supported him. (The son had gone to the University of Chicago, which offended Mr. Miller, and Mr. Miller's proselyting offended his son, but they bore with one another.) Although he never solicited donations, he would accept those offered. Did his long years on the Street do any good? "I don't know," Mr. Miller once said. "But, oh, it gives me a wonderful satisfaction. I've melted an audience many a time with my pathetic songs, but when their emotions have subsided, their conversion subsides, too."

What ever became of him?

The Moody Bible Institute remembers him only as an eccentric of the twenties. Several of the older clergymen of the city were equally vague and most of the newspaper files were blank. Then the librarian at the *Tribune* fished from its files a paragraph story. It said Mr. Miller had died on February 13, 1941. He was 91 years old at the time, and hadn't been heard hollering by the big-money fellows since a few years earlier.

A Glass of Beer & Spinoza's "Ethics", Please

When Robert Maynard Hutchins set out to create a generation of philosopher-kings, he doubtless never thought the crusade would inspire Mr. Jimmy Wilson, co-owner of the Woodlawn Tap, to turn the place into an intellectual outpost on 55th street's neon jungle.

Wilson was just another bartender working in a somewhat rundown joint nearby, when he and his partner, who is an ex-janitor named Mike Filz, purchased the Woodlawn Tap at 1172 East 55th street four years ago. A big, easy-going man now in his forties, Wilson had made a lot of friends among the University of Chicago students and they started to gather in the new place, drinking beer and indulging in endless polysyllabic discussions of the nature of things and stuff.

Their abstruse terminology made Wilson self-conscious; one evening he barged into the kitchen and exclaimed to a student employee: "Some guy just called me an incurable heterosexual; what does that mean?" The student decided that Wilson was not adequate for the realms of debate into which he was being initiated by his patrons and persuaded him to enroll in a Great Books course.

"I read a lot of books I never knew existed," Wilson says now. "I studied Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas and other philosophers. It was pretty tough going. I'd been out of school 20 years. But I kept whacking away at it and pretty soon it started to make sense and get interesting."

At the suggestion of two good customers, Jack Garrity and Dave McNeill, Wilson installed a reference library on the big shiny white beer-cooler, and a spotlight to illuminate its titles for any of the tavern's regulars whose vision might have been blurred by prolonged immersion in the strong waters of, say, epistemology.

The shelf now contains 24 volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* Webster's *Unabridged,* a Rand-McNally *World Atlas,* as well as Shakespeare, Plato, Aristotle, Mencken's *New Dictionary of Quotations, An Introduction to Philosophy, Psychology, the Information Please Almanac, Who's Who in America,* the *Illinois Blue Book, Common Legal Principles, American Law and Procedures, Anthropology Today* (900 pages) and – just to help the young metaphysicians keep their feet on the ground – *Essentials of Infantry Training.*

Wilson thinks that the library assists in maintaining the peace not only in his, but in other 55th street bars. "We get telephone calls all the time to settle arguments," he says. While he moved off to serve one patron at the bar with the latest Manchester *Guardian,* another illustrated his point:

Recently a bartender in a less literate joint down the street telephoned Wilson and said he had a bad argument going. The furniture in the place was in peril of being smashed on the head of one of the customers – a brutal iconoclast who had mentioned the Two Unmentionable Things about St. Patrick: that he was an Englishman, and that he did not convert Ireland, but at most effected a reorganization of the church there. Assorted O'Briens in this bar had risen against the blasphemy, and the bartender had telephoned the Woodlawn Tap.

So Wilson had hurried to his encyclopedia, plunged into the appropriate volume, then slouched back to the phone and reported dismally, "It's true."

McNeill and Garrity overheard this telephone conversation. They, in turn, raced to the volume, riffed through its pages, and stared with horror at the cold passages.

"Garrity," whispered McNeill, "it's a Frankenstein monster that we have created."

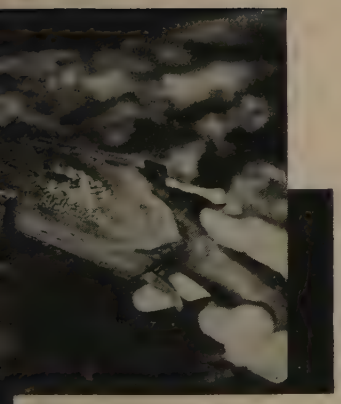
Adman into Arbalester

It's an accepted part of the advertising life, of course, that its practitioners sometimes feel a powerful urge to escape. Of those who have tried, probably few have ever gotten as far away as George Stevens who, fleeing his North Shore residence and his job as artist for a Loop agency 23 years ago, has ended up manufacturing medieval English crossbows in the Arkansas Ozarks.

Stevens had spent most of his 30 years in Chicago, some of them as an Art Institute student and some in the advertising agency, when in 1930 he decided to pull out. With his wife Dolly and a collection of books on his hobby, medieval military lore, Stevens moved to a 160-acre farm near Marcella, Arkansas. Between coon hunts, (in which he trained their house cat as a retriever), Stevens read a lot about the crossbow, a battle weapon of the Middle Ages, historic for the victories it enabled English yeomen to win over the French. Crossbows have not been much in the news since the battle of Crecy in 1346, but Stevens decided to revive them.

The first he made in 1940 were for the sons of neighboring farmers, and had an asset unheard-of in the Middle Ages – they were repeating bows. Eventually a toy manufacturer gave Stevens and his wife, who had learned the skill of making bows too, a contract to buy his output. This suggested to Stevens that adults might be equally interested in full-sized bows. He and his wife – both starting with no particular manual dexterity had become expert wood-carvers and power-tool operators – produced a beautiful repeater crossbow made of hand-carved walnut, lemonwood and brass trim. It was made to project five 12-inch "quarrels" or bolts as fast as its cocking-slide could be manipulated. The bow had a killing range for small game up to 50 yards, and made a neat 5-inch "pattern" at that distance, similar to the average shotgun.

Word soon got out about the new weapon and orders started coming in – first from Ozark residents who took up crossbow hunting of small game, later from people in places as far off as Oregon and Maine. A gulf



angler ordered a crossbow to shoot fish, and subsequently reported hits in up to 10 feet of water (half that depth will deflect most rifle bullets). A Wyoming state game warden ordered a crossbow equipped with bolts tipped with plastic capsules containing colored powder. Purpose: to splotch the sides of animals on impact, thus making it easier to keep tally on migrating game.

Inevitably, big-game hunters requested a model powerful enough to bring down deer and bear. Stevens complied, producing a single-shot crossbow with a heavy steel bow: the latest model is deadly at 200 yards or more.

Arbalestry, as the art of crossbow shooting is called, hasn't become a national craze like miniature golf (although a group of Texas sportsmen have set up a profitable public shooting range in Houston). Probably the Stevenses will be just as happy if it doesn't. Under their present production schedule, Stevens whittles away in his unchinked log workshop at a new walnut stock, while Dolly "fletches" crossbow bolts – an intricate task, as the bolts are feathered in such a way as to make them rotate in flight for greater accuracy, like a bullet. When a new crossbow has been completed, and they want to test it, all the Stevenses need do is wait until one of their houn' dawgs begins to bay in the moonlight; then they slip outside with their retrieving cat and go rabbit or coon-hunting in the Ozark woods with their 12th century arbalests.

Mr. Sugano's National Sexing School

Of this city's institutions of higher learning, only one is on record as requiring that prospective students have "sensitive fingers." The school, conducted in a Near North Side coach house by nine members of a Nisei family, teaches an art as delicate in some respects as safecracking, surgery, or the construction of model square-riggers in empty wine bottles. The institution is the National Chick Sexing School, and the skill imparted to the students is that of determining the sex of a newly-hatched chick. It's a fact that anyone who hasn't acquired this skill, even a veteran poultryman, is quite unable to distinguish, at the hatchery, between a cockerel and a pullet.

Sensitive-fingered students at the National Chick Sexing School pay $700 tuition and spend a total of 500 hours in class during the 16½ week course. They learn how to grasp a chick's posterior and recognize instantly certain subtle differences in the natural endowments of the sexes.

Upon graduating, the student is presented with a "Certificate of Proficiency," which states that he has "passed the Qualifying Examination in Art of Chick Sexing, and is hereby acknowledged of having the ability of sexing baby chicks with the accuracy of 97 percent, and over." With a few years of experience, the young sexor may earn $100 a day during the January to July hatching season.

"But we don't get very many students," complained George Sugano, registrar of the school. "It seems like only the Japanese boys know about sexing, and only a few of them take it up." The school now has only nine students, all of Japanese extraction. One is from Hawaii, one from Canada and the others from the United States.

Mr. Sugano and his brothers, Leo, Tom, Mack and Steve, with other relatives, operate the school and a midwest sexing service from two three-story buildings and a two-story carriage-house at 821-25 N. La Salle street. The registrar himself sits in a linoleum-floored, fluorescent-lighted office at a big schoolroom-type desk with two phones on it. A short, heavy man of 37, he wears a double-breasted

suit and habitually puffs at a cigar.

Mr. Sugano led the way to the carriage house and showed us the two classrooms located in it. Each is equipped with blackboards, work benches, bright lights, and several boxes full of immature poultry. While the chicks peeped witlessly, Sugano explained that the students attend class six hours a day, five days a week. They listen to lectures by Mack and Steve, who are twins, and practice their anatomical detection on live chicks. The course starts in mid-summer, just after the end of the hatching season, and is concluded toward the end of the year.

"Chick sexing was started in Japan 29 years ago by Dr. Masui of the Imperial University," Sugano explained, speaking in a somewhat choppy accent. "The first sexor came to the United States 17 or 18 years ago and made a tour, teaching anyone who wanted to learn. Today there are about 2,000 sexors. Almost all are Japanese. I don't know why the Americans don't take it up. Maybe it's because their hands are so big, or maybe" — Mr. Sugano squinted through his rimless glasses — "because the Japanese have better eyesight."

Hatcherymen throughout the nation, he said, are beginning to take advantage of sexing. "Sexing saves them a lot of money," Sugano explained. "In the mid-west, most poultrymen raise Leghorns and they don't want to bother with the roosters. But they have to pay the cost of feed and labor of a month until they can tell. If they hire a sexor, they can have the pullets separated from the cockerels when they are only a few hours old."

"What happens to the cockerels?"

"They drown them," Sugano muttered.

"A good sexor," he went on, "can sex 1,000 chicks an hour with 97% accuracy, or more. He gets a cent or a cent and a quarter a chick. He makes $5,000 to $7,000 for the season, and maybe, if he's above average, earns $8,000. The rest of the year he does odd jobs, works in factories or loafs."

The Sugano brothers employ as many as 100 sexors in the National Chick Sexing Association during the season and send them out on sexing jobs as far as to Texas and Nebraska. They maintain seasonal branch offices in Lincoln, Neb. and Oelwein, Iowa.

The brothers were born in Compton, Cal., where their father is a florist. "I didn't want to follow our father's business. I learned about chick-sexing 12 years ago and taught my wife and brothers," Sugano went on. "During the war, we were put in a camp. Then we were re-settled here. Our business is doing okay now, but we don't get enough students. Why don't American boys go in for chick sexing?"

Well?

How to Collapse In a Hurry

It's ridiculous, this business of ending up with a nervous breakdown only after years of exhausting effort, usually at doing things you hate. A man named Dr. Richard Marcus, over at the Speech & Hearing Clinic of the University of Illinois, in the West Side medical center, can save you all the time, effort, money and inconvenience involved in the old-fashioned way of getting nervous breakdowns, with a machine which produces one in five minutes. Dr. Marcus guarantees results on a money-back basis, even if you are the dull, loutish type of person who has never had a nervous breakdown and never expects to have one.

The machine was invented several years ago by an acoustics expert named Bernard S. Lee, who is now with the Signal Corps in Monmouth, N. J. It is based on a phenomenon familiar to radio engineers: the confusing effect of a delayed playback of one's own voice. The subject, or victim, of Lee's machine simply talks into a microphone and hears his own voice over earphones with a delay of exactly one-fourth of a second between the spoken word and the playback. The crucial aspect is the timing: anything more, or less, can be coped with by many subjects. But at one-quarter second, the talker-listener soon finds the difficulty of coordinating his two activities more than he can handle: he has an irresistible tendency to talk louder and faster, in an effort to hurry up the return of his own voice to his ears. Soon, tense and frustrated, he's shouting, stammering, stumbling over his sentences and headed for Manteno. At this point, Dr. Marcus triumphantly faces him around for some short-order therapy at the nearest bar.

In theory, the people at the Speech & Hearing Clinic think the machine might be licked by a genius of concentration who was able simply to ignore the playback. In fact, nobody has turned up who has been able to do this. Meanwhile, the machine is being used to learn something about the cause and cure of stuttering. Dr. Marcus has no suggestions as to whether it would help or hurt matters at the U.N. where earphones are used to play back speeches in translation to the multilingual delegates. Even without the delayed playback, these produce nervous tension on a wider basis, but not as quickly nor economically as the Lee machine does.

Le Bon Dieu Qui Descend en Culottes de Velour. . . .

On a recent blustery night, eight men of substance sat in a dungeon under Oak street and earnestly ate one unsalted cracker apiece. A manservant walked around among them, pouring the libation: exactly one-third of a wineglassful per person. The men of substance sat at ease in the heavy oak chairs among the wine bins and as the ritual proceeded they made notes on a little pad each of them had, exchanging comments and an occasional French proverb; polite critical attention was given each man's remark. Again the unsalted cracker; again the manservant pouring and the gentlemen sipping; the studied comments to the attentive listeners. And again, until the ceremony had been observed seven times: it took three hours.

This was a meeting of oenologists and they were at their specialty, the knowledge and study of wines.

"A provocative, salty quality," said Miller Adams, vice president of a chain of restaurants. He referred to a Bourgogne Blanc '28. "It comes from this wine's esters, of course . . ." Adams is a rosy, rotund man who is a well-known gourmet and looks as if he had just finished eating a big bowl of soup.

The men in the intent circle nodded deferentially at Adams's opinion. The ethers and esters of wine, they were aware, are the determiners of bouquet, bouquet being taste and smell. Bouquet, color, weight and texture are the four qualities they, as wine-tasters, were evaluating. On his little notepad the taster must estimate what part of 100 points the wine deserves for each of these qualities.

1919 and 1929 are years the experts are still debating . . . the situation is serious, as the Burgundy from these years is almost gone before an agreement has been reached. The gentlemen tried a Beaujolais, Le Bouscat pres Bordeaux '29, and Dr. Kurt Ossendorf, whose diagnoses regarding color and bouquet are in high esteem, said he believed it had a magnificent color, being just a bit lighter than Burgundies from the Cote d'Or. Ossendorf is noted as a surgeon and as a virtuoso on Rhine wines; he has the appearance and manner of a German aristocrat. The men nodded deferentially to him, also.

The celler was under Leon Mandel's town house, where the bins contain what connoisseurs say is one of the great wine collections in this country. Wine-tastings are annual here, in New York, and in San Francisco: two or three hundred people gather, usually at a hotel, to taste and rate two or three dozen wines. But Mandel's tasting was elite: the tasters were officers of the Chicago chapter of the Wine and Food Society, and the wines were the Colonel's best.

At the sampling of the Grande Suchot '33 from the commune of Vosne-Romanee, Fred Spring subjected his portion to the wafture test. This maneuver, which allows the liquid to flow down the side of the glass, is a determiner of weight. Heavy wines fall slowly, coating the side of the glass; light wine will leave no streaks. Spring, who looks like a prototype of the debonair Englishman but is really an Oak Park bank president, pronounced the Grande Suchot "a regal wine, rich in texture, and full-blooded." The heads nodded; Colonel Mandel said the droplets from the wafting were "les gouttes pendant au verts," and offered his idiomatic translation: "the tears of the years."

Wine-tasters are meticulous in ritual: fresh glasses must, of course, be supplied for each wine; unsalted cracker or dried bread, any tasteless edible, must be consumed between wines so the palate will be neutral every time; only the third of a glass of each wine, to be drunk in deliberation, with every swallow postponed as long as may be. The man who pours must take care that nothing disturbs the sediment at the bottom of the bottle. There is scant possibility of inebriation in a proper wine-tasting. The best European wines have an alcoholic content of only 12% or so; the "fortified" wines of this country sometimes have alcohol as high as 24%.

Colonel Mandel saw the Chambolle-Musigny '43 served with some pride and excitement. "This is one of my favorites, though it won't be really mature for another five years," he said. There was a departure from rite here, as the tasters were allowed to compare the Musigny with a Romanee Conti '43 in alternating sips. John Horwarth, the head of an accounting firm, usually maintains the kind of keen, observant silence that is the prerogative of mathematicians, but now he remarked, "The Musigny is the beautiful woman who must waltz throughout the evening, and although the Conti may be fairer she may not survive to the very last dance."

It was apropos Les Amoureuses-Musigny '19 that Maurice Ross Jr., a gay youth and a second-generation member of a local wine dealer family, paraphrased the French expression "le Bon Dieu qui descend en culottes de velour." The wine, he said, "is an angel in velvet breeches sliding down my throat." The gentlemen laughed.

a gold coast relic becomes a home of the arts

Photographs by
William Miller and Robert Buchbinder

For years, the graystone mansion at 1020 Lake Shore drive has told a familiar story. Once an elegant family residence, more recently a roominghouse, it symbolized decline. Like the dismantled "palaces" of Potter Palmer and Edith McCormick, it stood for an ended period of lavish wealth; like them, it seemed destined to go down before the economic forces which have replaced the lakeside mansions of the very rich with the apartments of the well-to-do.

The Borden residence is still a symbol. But it has been transformed excitingly into a symbol of the present at its most creative. There is a new stir among the arts in Chicago, born of a creative upswing, a widening public acceptance of contemporary design, and a reaching out by the artist. The Borden residence, in its metamorphosis into the 1020 Art Center, does more than merely reflect these facts. It has taken them and built on them a new locus for the arts.

Ellen Borden Stevenson, who has created the Center out of her girlhood home, has organized it in a way calculated to break down the isolation of the several arts from each other, and possibly of individual artists from the public.

In the stimulation of the arts, Chicago presents a paradox. Here are families who "inherit the Renoirs from grandfather;" but the same families have not always been ready to patronize contemporary painters. One of the most creative facts in the city's history has been the prolonged existence of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse;* but it was pointed out not long ago that the magazine has more readers in China than in Lake Forest.

It was Mrs. Stevenson who made this observation, and a desire to insure the future of *Poetry* was the seed from which the Art Center sprang. Last year, the dilapidated Erie street building, in which the magazine had been accumulating tradition and cobwebs, was razed. As chairman of *Poetry's* board, Mrs. Stevenson had to find new editorial offices.

The idea of using her family home as a not-for-profit Art Center came to life. Today the four floors and dozens of rooms at 1020 are occupied by two artistic organizations and three others which are active in various ways in the cultural life of the city. More are on the way.

In the first category are *Poetry* and Artists' Equity. In the second are the Chicago unit of the English-Speaking Union, the Scandinavian-American Foundation, and the Service Club. The latest tenant to acquire space is WFMT, the FM station.

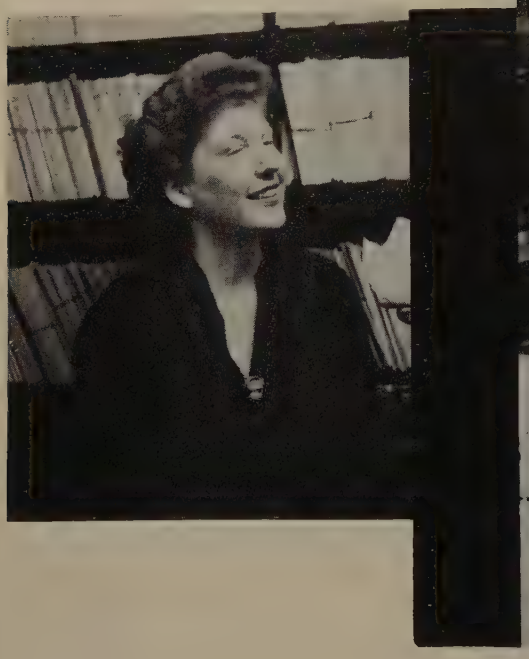
The entrance hall reflects the mood of the elegant old Lake Shore drive house which is now the 1020 Art Center — high ceilings and wood paneling state the 19th century refinement of the building. The visitor looks at a crayon study for sculpture, by Egon Weiner; the plaster head, also by Weiner, is a likeness of George A. Kuyper, manager of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Pictures below and on the following pages indicate regular activities at the Center.

A murmuration of poets, in the upstairs office of Poetry Magazine, followed a reading of verse at University College, downtown center of the University of Chicago.

Members of Artists' Equity and guests on the opening night of Equity's sculpture exhibit at the Center. The public is always welcome at these popular exhibitions.

Two patrons of Poetry, Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Augustin Bowe, confer with Acting Editor Nicholas Joost. Currently, together with University College, it is sponsoring a monthly series of readings by poets.

One of the freshest voices among recent lyric poets is that of Isabella Gardner, associate editor of Poetry Magazine.



Its tenancy is appropriate: few people in radio have done as much as its proprietors, Bernard and Rita Jacobs, to build an audience for composers from Palestrina to Hindemith and poets from Sappho to Dylan Thomas.

Among little magazines, *Poetry* is distinguished for two things: leadership and longevity. The first has resulted from the standards originally raised by its founder, Harriet Monroe, and meticulously maintained since her death by later editors. The longevity is also remarkable: little magazines characteristically sprout like grass in spring, only to wither in the fall. Now 42 years old, *Poetry* has reached a sprightly middle age – something individual poets don't always achieve.

At 1020, the magazine occupies a two-room suite on the second floor. Its reception office, which doubles as a workroom, still has the chubby pink cherubs which were an original part of the French Second Empire decor of the building. In the inner office is Acting Editor Nicholas Joost, who is in charge while Editor Karl Shapiro is on a Guggenheim fellowship in Italy. Since he is not privileged to cut or rewrite poems, but only to accept or reject them, the editor of a magazine of verse must do more pacing than editors of other magazines. The office, therefore, is of adequate pacing size, well carpeted.

Like its units in other cities, the local chapter of Artists' Equity is a group of painters and sculp-

Poet Richard Eberhart clinks glasses with his cousin, 76-year-old Grace Herschberger, who is the mother of poet Ruth and executive secretary of the Renaissance Society.

Acting Editor Joost chats with William Elton, an authority on contemporary verse, and Reuel Denney, whose poem School of the Dance appears in this issue of CHICAGO.

Natalie Cherry, whose readings of verse are a regular feature of Radio Station WFMT, here discusses her program with Joost. WFMT has office space and an alert microphone at the Art Center.

Two key figures of WFMT are Mike Nichols, left, an actor who doubles as the station's producer, and Norman Pellegrini, program director. The station broadcasts music, poetry, discussion and drama.

Most recent winner of the coveted Harriet Monroe award for distinguished verse is Ruth Herschberger. Photo murals at which she is gazing are the work of designer Burton Cherry, and decorate the Poetry Room — separate from the magazine's offices — in the basement of 1020. In the top panel is Harriet Monroe, Poetry's founder. Other portraits are of some distinguished poets of the century.

1020
ART CENTER

The vital role of 1020 in bringing art into the homes of Chicagoans is illustrated at right and below. Mary Gehr, well-known painter, is shown finishing an oil in her studio. Exhibited at the Art Center, it was seen by Mrs. Josephine Stern, shown here selecting it after looking at a group of paintings in the Art Rental Room. After the painting joined a previously arranged exhibit at Riccardo's studio restaurant, it was delivered to Mrs. Stern's apartment.

tors banded together to further their professional and economic interests. In the 1020 Art Center, its chief feature is a gallery converted from what had been the salon of the Borden home. Since Equity's membership includes most local painters and sculptors of distinction, the exhibitions at 1020 should be as fine a display of contemporary talent as any gallery in the city can offer.

Subsidization of the arts is, of course, an old story. But at 1020 it has taken a new, and characteristically American, turn. The occupants of 1020 pay rent for their space, although the rents are low because the Center is tax-free. More important, operation of the Center involves a resourceful program for the rental of Equity members' paintings and sculpture.

This experiment, which has been tried succesfully elsewhere, has a double purpose. First, it is bringing paintings priced at $125, and up, into the homes of people who welcome this relatively economical way of getting acquainted with modern art. Second, the renter of a work of art from the 1020 collection can — should he decide to buy a work after living with it a while — apply the amount paid in rental against the purchase price. Part of the money paid an artist for rental and purchase of his works goes toward the rent of Equity's workrooms and gallery at 1020.

The Center has space, not yet assigned, for music groups and groups interested in the arts of design. There is talk of dramatic presentations in the courtyard. Lectures by prominent artists are already as regular a feature as the exhibits.

As its functions develop, 1020 may represent something unique in American culture. By bringing together groups which actively foster artistic production, it introduces the practitioners of the different arts to each other. The great flowering of art in 19th-century Paris was fertilized by friendships such as those between the poet Baudelaire and the painter Manet, and the poet Rilke and the sculptor Rodin. The social life of the French capital made such contacts between artists natural, in a way which has never been true in this country. The traditional isolation of American artists is ended at 1020; it is a meeting ground from which these contacts are likely to spring.

Already, at a happy minimum, the Center is: a place where the contemporary arts are on continuous exhibit, where to a certain extent even the processes of creation will be visible, and where the painter, the poet, the designer, can meet the public.

Milton Horn and Egon Weiner (top) stand in front of Horn's bas-relief, "The Consecration of Isaiah." Below, Albert Henselmann comments on his wood carving. Right, Weiner and Mrs. Raymond Wielgus. The torso is Weiner's work (fossil marble, $1,800).

Hands-in-pocket informality unite Everett McNear, president of local chapter of Artists' Equity, and Richard Florsheim, as they talk with Harold Haydon of the University of Chicago. The opening was a particularly happy event for McNear and Florsheim, who can recall early days when Equity had a hard time getting individualistic artists to work together.

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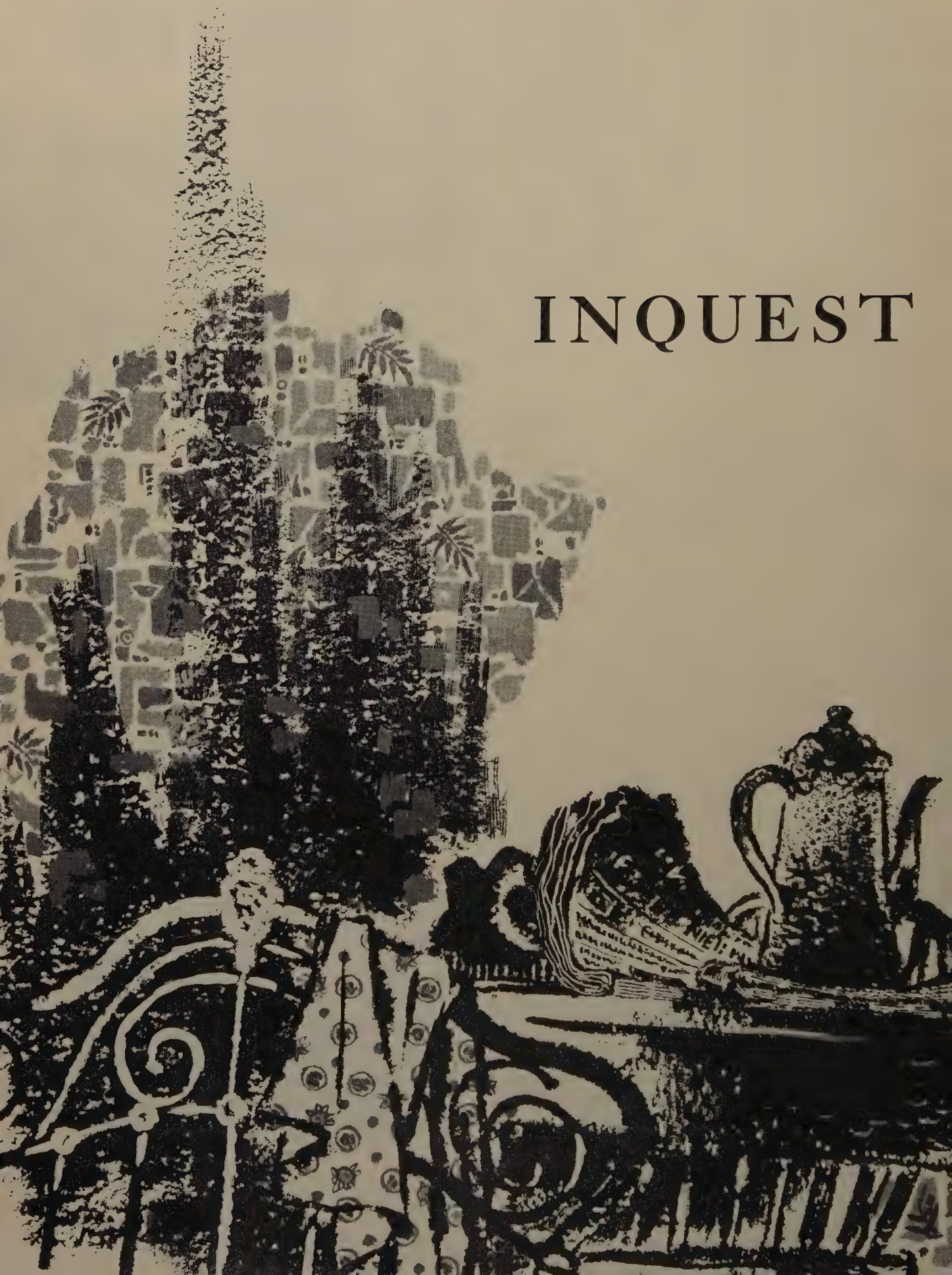
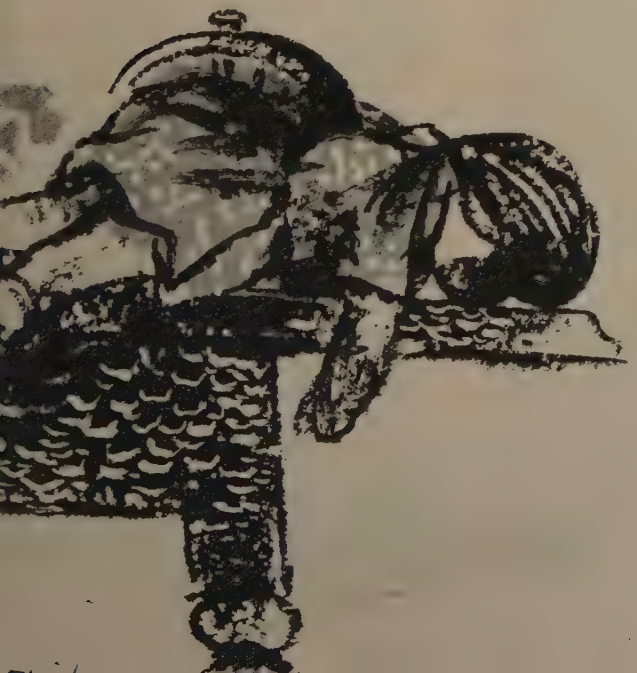


by JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

Illustrated by Seymour Fleishman

Rough ice covered the parking lot and a cold wind blew across it. Here in the slums arose an immense pile of stone and brick, the West Side medical center. A sleek gray hearse pulled slowly up to the Morgue, a three-story building at 1828 West Polk street. Inside in the lobby, a small, bare, stone-floored room with a clean institutional smell, a dozen Negroes were sitting on stiffbacked, wooden benches. At desks beyond a railing, officials were shuffling papers, talking, laughing.

From a corner stepped three policemen with papers in their hands. Their bulky leader, a lieutenant, glancing at the clock, said loudly, "Are you all here on the fire?" The Negroes on the benches stirred, got up. The policemen interviewed them, then intercepted others who arrived — three men together in galoshes and new overcoats, a little man dragging a paper shopping bag, a young woman in a red coat. The lobby was almost full. A young slight pretty woman with dark deep-set eyes and a frozen look on her face comes in, accompanied by an old woman and two men, and people watch her as she presses through the crowd and finds a bench and sits, but she does not see them. She is the mother, Mrs. Mary Mason. A girl in a babushka comes to her and says, "How you feeling, Honey, you got over your fright yet?" and she says, "Almost," not turning her head, answering automatically.



Many of these people had nearly died in the fire. The fire had happened in the South Side slums two nights before. Eight persons did die, and seven of the eight had been members of the Mason family. Mrs. Mason had lost her husband, her sister, and all five of her children.

A fire chief came in, greeting the lieutenant jovially. A janitor passed through, glancing curiously at the crowd, then descending to the basement where dead bodies are kept. The owner of the burned building came in, a white man, Henry Nierman, a long-faced short-bodied elderly man, wearing a hat set squarely on his head. He had two well-dressed men with him, his lawyers. He stood apart from the crowd.

Coroner A. L. Brodie bustled in, a heavy, chalky-faced man, and took off his overcoat behind the railing. A half dozen newspapermen gathered around him. Brodie was going to conduct this inquest personally and had appointed a "blue-ribbon" jury. The inquest had aroused considerable interest. Even though it was not the first fatal slum fire that winter, this one had killed five children. It dramatized the city's desperate housing shortage. Moreover, the same landlord, Henry Nierman, had owned another building which, about a year before, had burned, killing several persons. Now the coroner's jury was going to try to determine where the fire had started, how it had started, and who, if anyone, was to blame.

A clerk moved through the crowd, announcing that proceedings were about to begin. Everybody went into the inquest room proper, a small room just off the lobby. Coroner Brodie sat at a raised bench, other officials and newspapermen clustered

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Editor's Note: *Well over 300 persons have burned to death in Chicago since the fire described in this article, which occurred in December, 1950. Almost invariably a long series of dangerous violations of the fire prevention code have been established. Hardly ever has any guilt been proven or punishment levied. What makes this article by Mr. Martin topical is not only the evidence of indifference to preventable deaths by fire. It is the light focussed on the disorganized jumble of bureaus and departments, many of them staffed with untrained personnel, which is the city's inspection service. There are actually 14 administrative agencies involved in fire prevention; a situation in which nobody is finally responsible and nothing is certain, except that every year until the system is changed, about 100 men, women and children will die by fire in our city.*

around him. In front of the high dirty windows on one wall sat the jurors. Witnesses stood against the opposite wall. Beyond a railing the crowd filled the old varnished benches. On one front bench sat four nurses neat in blue uniforms. On the other sat Mrs. Mason and her companions. Beyond them was the crowd. The crowd had come in another door from the lobby, a public door, filling all the benches, standing against the sidewalls and at the rear, spilling over into the corridor outside.

The coroner said rapidly, "The inquest into the deaths of Luedna Simon, Thelma Divens, Lovella Mason, Patricia Mason, Charlene Mason, Wayne Mason, Phyllis Mason, and Jake Mason will now come to order." Jake had been the father in the Mason family, a truck driver. Representatives of the Police Department and the Fire Department identified themselves, and so did lawyers for the city of Chicago, the Mason family, the landlord Nierman, and a tenant. The crowd was noiseless. The faces in the crowd were composed, sad, serious. The five jurors were sworn and the first witness called – a young round-faced uniformed policeman. He sat down in a chair beside Coroner Brodie and said he was Harold E. Herman, patrolman of the Fourth District.

Officer Herman began, "At 3:14 a.m. on December the 9th, we received a call, a still alarm box, 31st and Indiana avenue. We immediately proceeded to 31st and Indiana." He stopped. Coroner Brodie said, after a moment, "What happened?"

Officer Herman said, "As we approached 31st and Indiana, we noticed that the fire – the building that was being burned was entirely in flames, there was a solid mass of flames, and it wasn't in our district . . . I called them back and I notified them that the fire was in the Third District and not in the Fourth District." He had been ordered to remain at the scene anyway. But he had not been instructed to make an investigation so he had not made one.

A juror arose and pulled down a windowshade; the sunlight had been bothering him. The Coroner called another policeman, Charles J. Martin, a husky man in a chartreuse sport shirt. He was from the Third District, the proper district. He described the building – four stories high, brick, with stores on the first floor and small apartments above. He had questioned several tenants, he said, including Mrs. Mason. It was the first time that Mrs. Mason's name had been mentioned but she gave no sign she heard. She sat on the front row bench, her face expressionless. She was staring steadily at the witness.

Officer Martin described at length the statements he had taken. Coroner Brodie, who had been conferring in whispers with a deputy coroner, announced for the record that he had witnessed Mrs. Mason's identification of her family's bodies. Then he turned back to the witness, asking how many apartments the building had contained. Thirty, said Officer Martin.

The Coroner asked, "Were any of those apartments converted apartments from the original plan?"

Officer Martin responded quickly and firmly, "That I don't believe – I have been in that building on numerout occasions in the fifteen years I have been in that district and it is an old building; it is in the neighborhood of fifty years of age, but I would consider it in good condition for that type of a building."

The Coroner said, "Well, that is not what I mean. I mean the building can be converted and still be in good condition. I mean, were any of these apartments, in your opinion, converted apartments –"

"No."

" – from its original plan?"

"No."

"You see, I would rather the witness not state opinions, just merely state the facts." The Coroner turned to the jury. "The jury wish to ask the witness any questions? You may ask any questions you like. This is in your hands."

One of the jurors, a Negro minister, J. C. Austin, said at once, "I heard the statement made that the second and third floors, they were arranged for one and two room apartments. Is that true?"

Officer Martin replied, in a slightly cool tone, "As far as I know, yes."

"If that is true – was that the original structure of the building?"

"That I don't know. The original – the building was built before I was born, doctor."

"All right, sir. It hadn't been changed, you said?"

"I am 45 years old and the building is 53."

"From my own knowledge during the past 25 years, 25 years ago that building was not a building where you had one and two room apartments on the second and third floors."

The Coroner asked, "Are you familiar with these facts, officer?"

"Well, from my observation – "

"No, are you familiar with these facts? Do you know if they had been changed?"

Officer Martin said, "No, I don't."

"O.K."

Officer Martin stepped back against

the wall behind Lieutenant Thomas F. Curtin. The air was oppressive. One of the jurors raised a window. The crowd was not moving, was making no sound. Coroner Brodie said, "I think we might as well — well, let's get the Fire Department."

Lieutenant Curtin said, "Come up here, Chief," and Acting Chief John W. Hillebold did, a portly man past middle age, and he said, "On Saturday, December the 9th, 1950, at 3 a.m. we responded to an alarm of fire given as 124 East 31st Street. Upon leaving quarters, we noticed the fire coming out of the roof before we even arrived there."

There was a sudden commotion far at the rear of the room, deep in the crowd, and a high voice cried, "Looky here." Coroner Brodie said, "What was that? Is that the mother of these children?"

A voice from the front bench said, "No, here is the mother, here."

"Who is that causing a disturbance?"

A voice from the rear of the crowd said, "Sisters and brothers found each other."

Officials and jurors looked at each other uncertainly. The crowd at the rear was so thick it was impossible to see into it from up front. The Coroner said vaguely, "Oh, I see. O.K." Then, to Chief Hillebold, "You may proceed."

The chief, portly and impassive, related how his men had rescued the tenants and put out the fire. The Coroner asked how many people had lived in the building. Hillebold didn't know. Neither did anybody else. Probably about 200.

The Coroner asked how many stairways the building had. The main one extending from the street to the fourth floor, said the chief, and a third in the center of the building beginning on the second floor and leading to a "penthouse" on the roof. There were two fire escapes. Were the staircases adequate? They were, said Hillebold. The Coroner turned. "All right, jury."

Juror J. L. McConnell, a white man and a safety engineer, said, "What is the construction of the stairways?"

"Wood," said the fire chief.

"These stairways enclosed?"

"No, sir."

A pause, amid silence. Then Juror Austin, the minister, asked why the Mason family had burned. The Coroner put in, "I believe Mr. Downes can enlighten you upon that."

Standing beside the Coroner, Earle R. Downes, a man with a little waxed moustache, who had been the city's Fire Attorney for many years, said he believed the fire had started in the restaurant on the ground floor — in a grease duct, behind a stove. It had been burning some time before it was discovered. The eight members of the Mason family dwelt in three rooms on the top floor. Mrs. Mason had been awakened by the smell of smoke. Immediately she assembled her five children and got them to a window. Right outside was a fire escape. But just as they were ready to step out onto it, a cabinet, or something else, fell on her head and knocked her down. By the time she got up the smoke was so thick she couldn't see her family. She alone escaped.

Through Downes' narrative, Mrs. Mason had not moved. All morning no part of her body moved except her eyes. When a witness stepped to the witness chair, her gaze followed him and fixed on him. She wore a black coat and a red and white babushka. Somewhere on her face was the suggestion of a soft sad half-smile that never left. This is an expression seen on the faces of religious persons transported.

Downes was continuing, and though he was discussing his specialty, the combustibility of building materials, he spoke haltingly, perhaps because speaking of Mrs. Mason had unnerved him, though nothing in his face betrayed this. He finished and invited questions. An attorney who represented "the Mason family" arose, and as he spoke Mrs. Mason looked up at his face. He inquired about the center stairway: Would the tenants have access to it?

"Yes," said Downes.

Voices rose in protest from the crowd: "No, no."

Coroner Brodie looked up sharply, "Just a moment, please. You will all have a chance to testify."

The voices subsided.

Fire Chief Hillebold was still seated placidly in the witness chair, and Juror Austin asked, "And you mean to tell us those on the third and fourth floors had access to that (center) stairway?"

"If they wanted to use it."

Voices again rose from the crowd: "No, no."

The fire chief said, "But at that time . . . with the amount of fire in the building, why, perhaps they weren't able to use it."

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Juror Austin said, "No, I mean was it accessible, were those doors leading out to those stairways?"

"No," he said, "no door leading out to that stairway, no."

Juror Austin looked nonplussed. A big young Negro against the wall said to the witness in a tense urgent voice. "The center stairway, tell them about the center."

Coroner Brodie asked, "Who is the gentleman talking? What is your name, please?"

"Farmer," the man said, unabashed.

Lieutenant Curtin explained, "He is a tenant."

"Oh," said the Coroner, then after a pause invited James Farmer to testify.

Farmer came forward, an intelligent looking man. He was a heat treater for a tool company and he had occupied a third-floor apartment directly below the Mason apartment. As he sat down in the witness chair, persons in the crowd nodded to one another, as though to say, "Now *our* side of the story will be told." Farmer, sitting upright, said in a quiet assured voice, "Well, approximately some time between 2:30 and 3 o'clock, my wife awakened me and said the building was on fire. I jumped up and looked out the window, but I didn't see any flames. I picked up the telephone and tried to call the Fire Department, even though I didn't see any fire yet. The lines were dead. I went up the hall and I looked in B-8, I believe the number is, and in here there is an air shaft that leads up from the second floor through the roof. This place, I will say in my own words, was red hot. I looked in the room and didn't see anyone in there. I closed the door and went into the adjoining room and looked in there and I didn't see anyone in there and I closed that door. Then I looked at the stairway. There was no escape down that stairway. Then I went back to my own apartment to see if my children and family were out, and they were going out the fire escape. Well, I decided I would try to save some of my belongings, but after I looked back in the kitchen, I seen where the fire was coming through the stairwell into my apartment. I picked up my dog and down the fire escape we went. I asked for Mrs. Mason and her children and at the time someone said she was O.K., that she was sitting in the restaurant. I might have had time to go back up and maybe save the baby if the baby had been at the window. That is my estimation."

He stopped. His voice had broken when he spoke Mrs. Mason's name and he had looked at her. Mrs. Mason's expression had not changed.

Her attorney asked Farmer about the center stairway. He said he had no access to it. This matter of the center stairway was pursued through subsequent sessions of the inquest, and finally a tenant said that doors which once had opened onto the center stairway had been nailed shut, presumably when apartments were converted into smaller units. But the importance of the matter — for a time it gave promise of establishing blame for the disaster — suddenly evaporated when the Building Commissioner testified that even without the center stairway the building had more stairways and fire escapes than the law required.

Farmer thought the fire probably started in the grease-soaked air shaft. He suspected it because, he said, shortly before the fire the restaurant on the ground floor had been closed for two days by the City Health Department. He wondered whether the grease ducts leading from the restaurant to the air shaft had been reinspected before the restaurant was allowed to reopen.

This matter of the grease duct was another that seemed promising and the jury pursued it vigorously at subsequent sessions. But a Building Department inspector said, when asked if the duct led to the air shaft or to the roof, "That I wouldn't know. You see on the ventilating point there, I would ordinarily inspect that but as far as that, that would come under the Health Department here, as far as the ventilating duct is concerned." And a Health Department inspector said he merely reported on unsanitary conditions in the restaurant; he knew nothing about the grease duct. Then it turned out that he was not the man who actually had made the inspection. So another inspector was brought in. But he was the wrong one. A Fire Department inspector was brought in. But he was the wrong one too. Nothing ever came of the grease duct inquiry.

The Coroner next called William Roetzheim, chief inspector of the Building Department of the city of Chicago, and the photographers got busy as he eased himself into the chair. He was a white-haired man with a red face; he wore a thin muffler under his suitcoat, and he had an odd fixed frozen smile, perhaps from shyness, upon his face all the time. The Coroner asked if he had a report on the building. He said, "I have a continuous report from 1912 to date."

The Coroner said, "Make yourself comfortable and relax, and tell the jury just the type of report you have,

reading from your records or your memory."

Roetzheim smoothed out his papers and began, "Well, the building was built about 1897, approximately 23 by 123, four stories high and a small portion of it making the fifth story, the penthouse. Its present use was an apartment building." The Coroner said, "A little louder, please," and a voice from the crowd called, "Talk so we all can hear you."

Roetzheim, smiling a little more than usual, said more loudly. "Originally this building was a hotel with business on the first floor. Approximately about 1920, they used it for apartment uses."

Coroner Brodie asked, "Has there been any conversion of that building at all?"

"No, not that we know of," said Roetzheim.

"Now, if they had kitchen privileges, that is kitchenette apartments, or apartment hotel, would that still be listed as a regular hotel if they had stoves and ice boxes?"

"No."

"How would you list that?"

"Well, in those days we didn't have that."

"In 1897 you didn't have that?"

"No, sir, we either had apartments or we had hotels. We didn't have gas heat or electric heat. We just didn't have that condition at all."

Mrs. Thelma Taylor Williams, a young juror in a dressy suit, said, "I would like to know if there has been no reconversion, if it was originally a hotel, how have cooking facilities been put in? How do those pipes run?"

"I don't know."

"It would seem as if some conversion has taken place."

"Well," Roetzheim said philosophically, "that is the trend of the times, every day. There has never been a permit for any alteration there."

The crowd stirred.

The jurors looked disturbed. One of them, Mrs. Anita Mackey, a Veterans Administration case worker, said, "What is the building listed as now with you?"

Roetzheim said, "As a multiple dwelling. They have in the last eight years taken the hotel classification and the apartment classification and made them one."

"What makes a difference if a person has cooking facilities in the hotel?"

"There is no difference."

"So a person could put anything they wanted to in a building."

"Not necessarily," Roetzheim said.

Voices from the crowd muttered. A tension had come over the proceedings. The Coroner said, "Let's have a little order back there, please. All right Mrs. Williams."

Juror Williams said, "I would like to ask, Mr. Coroner, doesn't there have to be a permit given for the installation of gas pipes?" She had addressed the Coroner but she was looking at Roetzheim. "You mean to tell me that all these buildings now, you do nothing to protect the people?"

"Well, we certainly do," said Roetzheim.

"Well, then, shouldn't there be a permit issued?"

"If there is a conversion, but there is no conversion. There is no conversion of use. There is no partitions changed or structural change."

Mrs. Williams shook her head. "Maybe I don't understand, but I am certainly not clear."

The Coroner spoke up: "I will try to explain that." There had been no structural change. But the question remained: Was a permit required to bring cooking gas into hotel rooms? "Is that what you are trying to bring out?" Mrs. Williams nodded vigorously. "Yes, that is exactly what I am trying to find out."

The witness Roetzheim replied, "Well, both the Peoples Gas and Light Company and the city require that they should notify us of changes taking place, but we are never notified."

Juror Austin, the minister, asked, "Has there been any basic change in our building code during the past sixteen years?"

"Oh, yes," said Roetzheim cheerfully. "It has made it easier to make conversions."

The Coroner looked out at the crowd, then down at his desk. Roetzheim said the last inspection of the building was made June 30, 1950, five months before the fire, and at that time no violations were found. Juror Mackey said, "And your inspection consists of an inspection throughout the building, is that right?"

"Yes," said the witness Roetzheim. "Well, there are certain restrictions there. You get to the building and there might be half of these places locked up, so the inspector, naturally, has to guess. Then he checks back on the mail box and there he tries to make out exactly how many apartments there are and looks way back from the year before; and if everything checks, he will give it a clearance, providing he thinks anybody in that building has access to one stairway and fire escape, or two stairways."

From the midst of the crowd came a voice, "May I talk?" and a small elderly woman in a flat black hat got awkwardly to her feet.

The Coroner said, "Lady, what is your name, lady?"

"Myrtle Jenkins."

"Where do you live — in that building?"

"Yes."

She seemed so far away. Juror Austin, perplexed, said, "We didn't understand her statement."

The Coroner said, "Go ahead, Mrs. Jenkins, and state what you wanted to tell."

"I am in apartment B-10." Her voice was firm and clear. "There is no fire escapes along there, neither one of our windows. We have to go through the back and come down the alleyway to get out, and he didn't fix the building, and if the plaster falls or breaks, he don't fix that." Her voice was rising, edgy. "Last week, Tuesday or Wednesday, or either Wednesday or Thursday, the fellows worked there for him. They come there and cut a piece out of the ceiling on the second floor."

The Coroner broke in, "Mrs. Jenkins —"

"They worked at it two days," she said.

"Mrs. Jenkins, in order to run this in the proper routine here, will you give your name to the police, Mrs. Jenkins?" He turned to Lieutenant Curtin. "Will you have her name as a witness at the next hearing?"

Lieutenant Curtin said, "Yes. Jenkins," and made a note.

The Coroner told Mrs. Jenkins that he would be happy to have her testimony later. Mrs. Jenkins looked uncertainly about her. The faces in the crowd were upturned toward her. Slowly she subsided into her seat. At a subsequent hearing, she did testify, and so did other tenants. They complained that the building had been unsanitary and dangerous. Doors had been nailed shut, they said, and stoves shoved into windowless alcoves. The electric wiring was exposed, they said, and the gas leaked. They said they had complained to the utility companies and to the landlord Nierman. Nierman through his lawyer denied it but the voices of the crowd contradicted him. The Coroner suggested that if bare wires touch they will spark, and if they spark in a gas-filled room an explosion could result. One tenant recalled that a couple of years ago leaking gas in her apartment *had* exploded, causing a small fire, and the Coroner asked if the Fire Department had a record of this. "That I don't know." replied Chief Hillebold. "except that if she called the fire department, there would be a record of it." But though the Coroner dispatched men to institute searches,

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the records were never found, nothing came of it.

The inquest had convened at 11 and it was getting on toward 12:30. Some of the officials seemed to be getting restless. But the crowd was silent and intent as ever.

The Coroner asked the witness Roetzheim: Hadn't the law been violated, inasmuch as, apparently, gas had been installed without the knowledge of the Building Department? "I wouldn't say so," Roetzheim replied, "because I don't know whether there was a permit issued in 1920 to do it. That is when the change took place. That is thirty years ago." He was leaning back in the witness chair with his head held high. Juror Austin and the attorneys for Farmer and the Mason family asked questions rapidly. Attorney Robert Anderson asked, "Do your records show how many rooms were in the building originally and how many rooms in the building today?"

"Originally 36 rooms."

"Originally 36 rooms? Today, how many rooms are there?"

"I don't know."

Voices in the crowd muttered deeply.

Juror Austin said, "Do you have any idea of the size of those 36 rooms?"

"I wouldn't know."

"Two hundred folks crowded in them?"

"I don't know what they have. There might be a whole floor vacant too."

The Coroner asked, "Mr. Inspector, do you know the type of heating system they use there?"

Roetzheim said, "No, I was never in the building."

Some of the newspapermen burst out laughing. Voices in the crowd muttered angrily. The jurors looked at one another. Officials were rustling papers. Roetzheim, in the witness chair, sat through the sound unmoved, the same odd frozen smile on his face. The Coroner looked around the room angrily, calling for order. He said, "For the sake of those who are laughing, he answered he was never in the building; but this gentleman is an executive of the Building Department; he is Chief Inspector and he gets the reports from the persons making the inspection; so that could really be true that he was not in the building, not anymore than I could be responsible that we had a murder inquest in a north suburb this morning and I was awakened and was apprised of the fact this case was reported to us as 'an accident' and turned out to be murder. The Deputy Coroner on the scene is responsible, and yet I was not present, but my name will be signed to the papers as this person; and the same thing in here, this gentleman here is the head of a unit, but his sub-unit will later report to him. It that correct?"

Roetzheim, still smiling, said, "That is correct."

Juror Williams asked whether there was a central heating plant in the building. The Coroner requested Farmer to answer. Farmer took a step forward and said, "Yes, there was a central heating system in the building, but this building was reported to be inspected last June 30th. This gentleman says he had a record. Why don't his records read that?"

"Well," the Coroner said, "the heating don't come under — that would come under what department?"

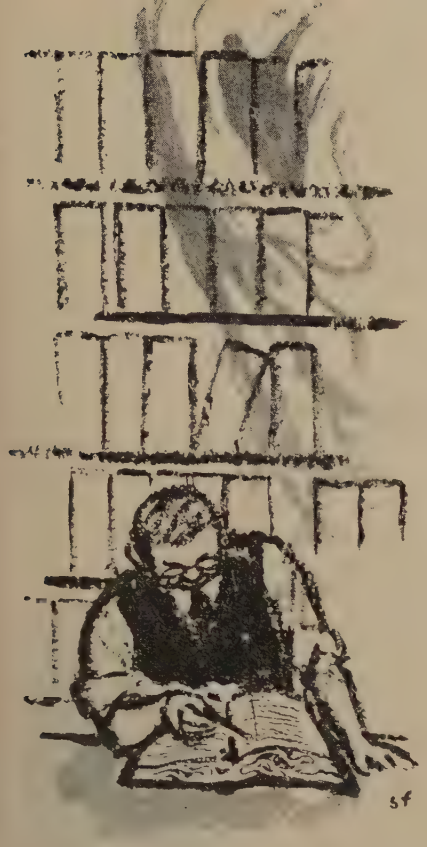
Farmer persisted, "Why can't he lay his records here and say, 'This is what we inspected.' What did they inspect?"

"Well," the Coroner said, "that, I think, comes under the boiler inspection. It that right, Jim?"

Assistant Chief Deputy Coroner James Whalen, a bulky man in a double-breasted suit, said "Yes."

Farmer said, "I mean as a building inspector —"

The Coroner interrupted, "Lieuten-



ant Curtin, will you see that we have the Boiler Department represented here at the next hearing, please?"

"Yes, sir. I will also have the Health Department."

Attorney Anderson suggested they have the building inspector that actually made the inspection. The jury thought this a good idea. The Coroner told the witness Roetzheim to arrange it. But Roetzheim said, "He is on a vacation."

Juror Austin, the minister, leaned forward and began, "Coroner Brodie —"

The Coroner didn't hear him.

Voices in the crowd had begun to mutter and the Coroner now said worriedly, "A little order, please? If we don't have order, we will have to clear the room here. It is very stuffy and very hard —" His voice died away.

Juror Austin spoke: "The purpose of my question is pertinent not to just this particular case." The crowd fell silent. "The grass roots of this case run down deeply in our community, and there may be, by reason of that, another fire tomorrow . . . if these facts aren't known as to what is in a building, then the Building Department is not altogether thorough . . . Now we have to go somewheres else to find out who looked after the gas, and who looked after the grease, and who looked after this and the other. I mean the Building Department should answer to us for the building, not just as to the structure."

He stopped speaking. A silence followed. The Coroner began tentatively, "I believe this gentleman," nodding toward Roetzheim, still in the witness chair, "can answer as far as the records are concerned that the building was built in accordance with the existing regulations when it was built, and that it is within the law at the present time, as I understand it. Is that right?" Roetzheim said it was. But, the Coroner went on, gas had been brought in, and more people inhabited the building than originally was intended. The Coroner swung to face Farmer. How had *his* family lived, where had *they* slept? "Well," said Farmer, "like in all dwellings we have there now, we bunk up. In other words, some sleep in a converted kitchen . . . and some of us sleep in our living rooms, as we call it." Mrs. Mason had raised her head and was watching Farmer. He spoke calmly and well, and she looked as though she had confidence in him. When he finished the Coroner said, in the manner of a man launching a speech, "Now, this other dwelling here, if the people hadn't lived in that small apartment, some of those eight people would be alive; is that right?"

Farmer said quietly, "I cannot speak for the other people's apartments. The only thing I can say is under the existing conditions, it shouldn't be allowed."

The Coroner looked nonplussed. "What shouldn't be allowed?"

"To make them live in one, regardless of how large or how small the structure is."

The crowd stirred.

The Coroner said, "Can you give us some way of preventing that?"

Farmer said, "Not at the present time."

Voices at the rear of the crowd said, "Build more houses."

The Coroner said impatiently, "We know that."

Voices cried more loudly than before, "Build more houses! Build more houses!" The sound swept the little room. The jurors looked at one another.

The Coroner said, "Yes, we know that. Everybody knows that, here. We are trying to investigate. There are some people who lost their lives here."

He stopped. The sound from the crowd died away, There was a pause. The Coroner said wearily, "O.K., Mr. Farmer," and then, "I believe we will declare a recess."

A sound began, people in the crowd putting on their coats and overshoes, the scraping of the officials' chairs. Mrs. Mason and the people with her still sat immobile. Juror Austin, the minister, stood up and said over the noise, first facing the Coroner and then the crowd: "Mr. Coroner, just before they go out, I would like to make this humble request: As a matter of mission work in that community where I sent my missionaries on the scene immediately and my son who is a pastor, and they went immediately into it, and if there is people here that is not housed or not clothed or anything else, we are ready to help."

He sat down. The crowd resumed its movement. The Coroner reminded it that the inquest was not yet adjourned. Then he turned to discuss with the jurors what witnesses they would hear at the next session.

But although at three more sessions the jurors heard many inspectors, including one who announced himself as "Supervising Mechanical Engineer and Chief Deputy Inspector, Boiler and Refrigerator Department, City of Chicago," and although at one time or another in their diligent quest they seemed about to descry the thing to blame, they never even found out what caused the fire — the police said it was not arson — and in the end they could do nothing but render a verdict that the eight persons had died accidentally in a fire of unknown origin. The landlord Nierman, upon advice of counsel, invoked his constitutional right to refuse to testify, despite Juror Austin's stricture that morality, if not the law, compelled him to.

As the first hearing ended Mrs. Mason walked out into the corridor of the Morgue. It was full of people who had attended the inquest. She was very small. She stood with her back to the wall, motionless. A Negro newspaper photographer asked permission to take her picture. She did not answer. One of the men with her talked to him. She watched them with her heavy eyes, uninterested. A few passersby paused to stare. They kept at a certain distance from her, as people keep back from a dead body. The photographer made his picture, using a flashbulb. Even then she did not move. She was almost beautiful. Her mother, a little old woman, stayed closer to her than anyone else. The listless man dragging the shopping bag stood a little way off. Her party seemed to be waiting for something. Perhaps waiting for a car that was to drive them away from the Morgue — a bustling man was talking about "the driver." She took no interest in him; she merely stood with her back to the wall. She stood there half an hour. Outside, sunlight was bright on the dirty street, and a gray hearse pulled out of the parking lot and drove away.

TEN

FOR THE MONEY

By Lois Baur

This, like other great cities, is a fabulous luxury market where the customer next to you in some stores may be a millionaire. The opportunity for conspicuous consumption is all around us, and advertisements often point out that a product is ". . . for those who are willing to pay more." What is the highest possible price on any given luxury? Here is a list of the ten most expensive items for sale in Chicago, each the most expensive in its own category. They're all actually on the market, which means you could buy all, out-of-hand, right now.

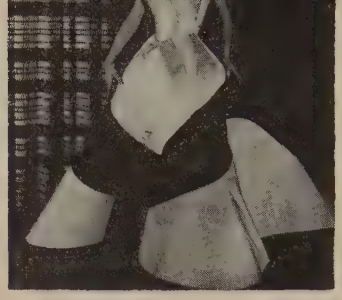
Photographs by Don Bronstein

Designed by Louis Matis

1. The home with the highest price-tag in the Chicago area is on Green Bay road in Lake Forest, a 19-room French provincial chateau set within 20 acres of land. This estate is owned by Elmer Freytag, who is willing to sell it through Previews Inc. for $160,000. The place was built in 1928 by the late Col. Noble B. Judah, an American ambassador to Cuba and a man noted for hospitality in the grand manner. The house has three stories, built around a central courtyard. There are five large bedroom suites and four servant's bedrooms; most of the rooms have fireplaces and imported parquetry floors. In the basement there is a tiled swimming pool. On the grounds, a full acre is in formal gardens, including a breakfast garden and a five-pool formal water garden. There is an outdoor swimming pool, an asphalt tennis court, several acres of open meadowland, and a hand-planted forest.

2. It would take a man several days to explore the Judah estate, but the next most-expensive item is small enough to go in your pocket. This is a 65-karat diamond necklace designed and made by Harry Levinson, gem dealer and collector, which he has for sale at $100,000. This arch-symbol of opulence contains 216 perfect jewels, and Mr. Levinson and his associates spent a year and a half making it. Platinum holds the gems together but is visible nowhere among the 13 pear-shaped, 26 marquise, 125 baguette, and 52 round diamonds. Mr. Levinson says he has set and sold gems in the past which were more expensive because they involved larger stones, but nothing so intricate as this. (The Levinson necklace is not unchallenged for price. At Trabert & Hoeffer there is another $100,000 item, a ring: it has one 17-karat emerald cut stone and two tapered baguette diamonds. Lackritz Jewelers also has a fabulous diamond ring, priced at $96,000.)

3. Here one drops smartly to $25,000, for which price there is a Persian rug at Carson Pirie's. This 18′ x 22′ masterpiece is 125 years old and



was made for an ancestor of the royal family of Iran. The colors are muted royal blue, turquoise and gold, some 40 shades in all. The ornamental border of the rug contains, in the Arabic language, an account of the royal ancestor's career. Carson's was unable to find an employee who could interpret this.

4. Mink, of course. The most expensive mink coat in Chicago is made of about 65 pelts from the newly evolved strain of blue mink. It costs $15,000, tax included, and is for sale at N. H. Rosenthal Furs Inc., where it was made. The price is that high because the breeding of a new mutation of mink can be done only so fast; ten years ago silverblue mink was in this price range, but now the silverblue population has increased. The Rosenthal coat is called cerulean blue, which is this season's synonym for "sapphire," but blue mink is blue mink, and this coat has the authentic steel-blue color. The body of the coat is made from male pelts, which are larger and heavier, and the Dior cushion collar and deep dolman sleeves are made of more pliable female pelts.

5. The Abraham Lincoln Book Shop has a small volume of Fitzgreen Halleck's *Poems* that Lincoln used to own; the $7,000 price makes it the costliest book in Chicago at present. Lincoln carried this little book in his pocket May 22, 1862 when he visited Admiral John A. Dahlgren's flagship, and that night aboard he read the first poem in the book aloud to the Admiral and Secretary of War Stanton.

6. At Marshall Field's Store for Men there is a solid gold shaving bowl, containing soap, that is for sale at $2,250. The gold is 18-karat, the bowl is hand-made, and $375 of the price is tax. (Field's has some plastic facsimiles of this soapdish which they sell at a dollar and a half each).

7. Another whimsy: a set of three Georgian silver tea caddies at $1,800 including tax. These date from 1744, when they were designed by William Cripps, an ancestor of the late Sir Stafford Cripps. Each caddy is craftsman-plain except for the unicorn, et cetera, that make up the crest of Dixie, a branch of the Cripps family. To the connoisseur's eye, the expensive facts are that a set of three matched ones rarely turns up, that these are opened by a sliding top instead of by lifting or screwing, and that the finials (handles) are shell-shaped. They are on sale at Malcolm Franklin, Inc.

8. A pedigreed blue-violet zebrakeet. This bird is less than a year old, whistles tunes, imitates cats and dogs, knows 800 words, and costs $1,500 at the Active Pet Shop. It is the sixth generation of a family of talking zebrakeets, and when only six months old was employed as a teacher in a zebrakeet school of speech, to train 36 fledglings in simple greetings and impertinences. The shop has five other birds of equal talent and price.

9. The costliest ball gown — ready to wear, mind you — that could be found in Chicago is at Bramson's; a Charles James with a wide undulating skirt. This floor-length, decolleté gown costs $1,250, and is made of white silk gras de londre with an inset of black velvet. The skirt stands out in four deep folds supported by an underskirt of buckram; the skirt design is the dramatic touch that identifies the gown as the work of Charles James (who is a former Chicagoan and ward of Samuel Insull.)

10. The most luxurious underwear available to men is imported Scotch cashmere, wrist- and ankle-length, $105 the set, at Von Lengerke & Antoine. V. L. & A. encourages skiers and huntsmen to consider these, and a fellow on his way to Korea for the winter actually bought a set. The shirt or drawers can be bought separately, $52.50 each.

The choice of only ten luxury items involves, of course, a number of arbitrary omissions. For example, you might want to know about a black-and-yellow sports Rolls Royce with built-in bar, $17,800 at S. H. Arnolt Inc., or about a Hiller Helicopter which Philip D. Armour Jr. will sell for $36,000.

It should also be noted that Marshall Field's has a wisp of a Belgian lace handkerchief for $260.

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those

who

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THEATER

By Beverly Fields

To consider what the local stage is offering means simply to ask: What's funny?

The intention behind practically everything recently played on Chicago stages has been to keep the customers laughing, one way or another. Excepting "The World of Sholom Aleichem," with Jacob Ben-Ami, which opened too late for review in these columns, it is possible to see a kind of order in all these goings-on that suggests a descending chromatic scale of humor. It is somewhat painful to project the recent "An Evening With Beatrice Lillie" on the same breath with "Good Night, Ladies" but it describes the complete octave.

Miss Lillie herself, who says she has never read a word on the psychology of humor, would probably be the last person to deny the free-floating character of the funny bone; her antic appeal has a broad range. Its primary impulse, however, is cerebral; and I hesitate to make a connection between this fact and her relatively short engagement here.

Alongside her talent for clear-eyed, ingenuous ribaldry is her satire, sharp as a diamond, that penetrates everything it touches, from the use of the meaningless phrase ("I know someone who can fix that for you. A little man—" here she stoops and spreads her hand six inches above the floor and adds as an afterthought, "about so high.") to the institutions of domestic service and sex education. And always she demonstrates that genius for the distilled gesture and inflection that quietly takes her audiences into the joke and leaves them there helplessly laughing their heads off. Her style, airy and delicate, gives the impression of a continuous play of restless energy lightly but precisely reined in.

Reginald Gardiner, who shares the responsibilities of the revue with Miss Lillie, is certainly one of the funniest and most original men alive. His characterizations of an angry train, a coyly elusive lighthouse beacon, and a wallpaper border imperfectly matched are pure surprise and delight, and if anyone had told me that he could pull his face into a distortion that looks exactly like a pair of shoes I should not have believed it. Mr. Gardiner and Miss Lillie are a witty, high-spirited and rare combination.

If high spirits and good production were enough, "The Seven Year Itch" and "Time Out For Ginger," written respectively by George Axelrod and Ronald Alexander, would be great comedies. Things being what they are, however, these two pieces are a simple-minded pair that do no harm.

The first of these enterprises is a straightforward attempt at a soothing dalliance with the idea of extra-marital experiment, and it bears a startling resemblance to the boyish fantasy it sets out to satirize.

The plot concerns a young man whose wife and child are away for the summer and who toys with the notion of a romantic encounter only to have it drop almost literally in his lap in the person of the girl upstairs. After it is established that he is a lady-killer only in his fantasies—which are acted out in some pretty funny scenes—he manages, through very little fault of his own, to spend the night with her, and is then beset by further fantasies of fearful consequences. Everything is worked out, however, in a tidy and convenient solution that is even more dream-like than his daydreams.

The non-romantic hero is played by Eddie Bracken, who is suitably shambling and puppyish in his ambivalence toward the brimming cup; and Louise King as the girl upstairs is at once athletic and graceful, brash and sweet, knowing and naive. Howard Freeman is first-rate as a psychiatrist who is a highly mobile accumulation of uninsulated nerves; and the gag of making him vulnerable to his own analysis is fully exploited.

Under the direction of John Gerstad everything moves along at a brisk and lively pace, including even those long travesties on the stream-of-consciousness device during which Mr. Bracken and Miss King lay bare the uppermost reaches of their unspoken thoughts.

"Time Out For Ginger" is, I am afraid, destined to be disastrously played by amateur companies for many years to come. Blessed as it is now with a competent cast, workmanlike direction, and all the comforting trappings of an expensive production, it conveys an impression of reality that is not implicit in the script.

This one is about one of those wholesome American families that have such unlikely and therefore reassuring problems. Fourteen-year-old Ginger decides to try out for the high school football team as a result of a speech her father has made in favor of permitting children to do whatever they like. The effects of her athletic adventure furnish the details of the plot: the community is offended, Ginger's social life goes to pot, her speech-making father is accused of anarchy and is threatened with the loss of his job.

A gesture toward the fashionable idea of motivation is made in the suggestion, reiterated from time to time by various members of the family, that Ginger's father really wanted her to be a boy; but this grows tiresome as the evening wears on, and when he greets her after the game with "Good work, son!" the joke has already ceased to exist.

But the main tedium of the play derives from the character of the father, drawn in the all too popular tradition of the muddle-headed American male householder who is really ruled by his wife. The assumption, that there is something irresistibly comic in his public utterance of confused ideas by which he is prepared to stand no matter what the consequences, is unfortunate. Instead of being funny it is irritatingly cute.

Melvyn Douglas does all he can with this role, and since he is a good actor he manages to do a great deal. Somehow we get the idea that he really is married to Edith Atwater and that they have produced their three daughters in the usual way. Nancy Malone plays Ginger with an attention to the popular requirements of comedy that promises her a long and happy life in this sort of entertainment.

There is a great deal to be said for the kind of unabashed triviality plainly set forth in the two plays that have just been discussed. They may not have very much, but they make the very most of what they have, and the results are competent and unpretentious performances. "Wish You Were Here," on the other hand, makes, not the most of what it has, but a great deal more. "Having Wonderful Time," Arthur Kober's play about the fears and delights of a group of young people at an adult summer camp in the Catskills, was in some ways a rather touching little story, but in the present jamboree version it is really transformed. Joshua Logan has imposed on it a great, ponderous weight of musical comedy machinery that all but pulverizes it.

Mr. Kober's writing talent consists chiefly in his sensitivity to tiny modulations of expression and in the precision with which he reproduces them. The people he writes about are masters of the purely personal cliche, and this is what separates them, as the living from the dead, from the broad, stereotyped chracters that are so generally found on certain kinds of pages and stages. Their use of painful little genteelisms, for instance, is both revealing and endearing; but the style that conveys them has a small, soft voice that simply cannot be heard above all the shouting at the Shubert.

It ought to be obvious that a technique that depends on the specific for its effects can have nothing in common with the big, generalized techniques of musical comedy, unless the fusion is made as carefully as it was in "Guys and Dolls," where integrity and a loving attention to detail characterized even the biggest production numbers.

But Mr. Logan has apparently chosen to ignore Mr. Kober's intentions and to divert the story to his own purposes which are as gaudy as Jo Mielziner's settings. The show suffers from too much production, as if the director and designer had flung in all the hocus-pocus at their disposal. Mr. Mielziner's much advertised ingeniousness has outstripped itself in this abandoned effort; he uses every effect in the book and more, including black light and a mirrored swimming pool.

The level of talent in the cast is generally high, and this is one show in which the supporting players are noticeably better than the leads. Patricia Marand and Peter Kelley are acceptable in the starring roles, except when they turn their love duets into singing contests; but the real vitality comes from Sheila Bond as the super-charged friend of the heroine, Frank Aletter as the social director, and Sammy Smith as the camp director. The best musical numbers are "Social Director" and "Don Jose" sung by Frank Aletter, and "Shopping Around" and a be-bop version of "Where Did the Night Go?" sung and danced by Sheila Bond. The singing and dancing choruses are excellent in all these.

Harold Rome wrote the music, Richard France did the choreography, and Robert Macintosh is responsible for the costumes, which include some highly diverting Bikini bathing suits.

Well, I mentioned "Good Night Ladies" some time ago, and I suppose nobody has forgotten it, though I wish I had. It is slated for a long run.

The livin' is easy for backers of the lively three-year-old revival of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," which returns to the Opera House March 2 thru 21. Cab Calloway (Sportin' Life) is still almost-whispering his show-stealing songs; Le Vern Hutcherson sings Porgy and Leontyne Price alternates with Elizabeth Foster as Bess. Miss Foster is the Bess above, not as alarmed as she should be by the clutches of John McMurry (Crown). Since the company was here two years ago, it's had a European tour and a year in New York, gathering garlands all the way.

SHOPPERS' SHOWCASE

BY DOROTHY MYLREA

Here begins a series of pen-and-ink reports on what's new and choice in the specialty shops: outstanding products of local designers and the best of the merchandise that comes from American, European and Asian workshops. In this and succeeding issues of CHICAGO, I take my sketchbook on trips of exploration into decorators' and home furnishings shops, into the fashion marts, and into every retail field where there is news for shoppers.

1 Tri-color Mohair fabric with two prong design. Fibre-glass material incorporating favorite collectors' items. $7.00 a yard. Miller-Ferrone.

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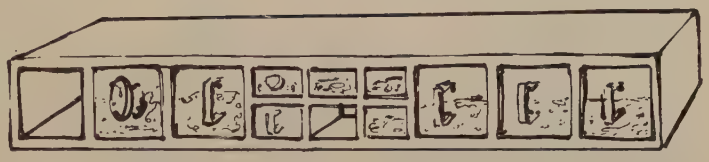
4 From Italy; ceramic lamp base. $79.00. Watson & Boaler, Inc.



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5 Italian doves ($7.50 each) adorn a coffee table made in Hong Kong. $248.00. Watson & Boaler, Inc.

6 Wonderfully adaptable Italian floor lamp. $89.00. Watson & Boaler, Inc.

7 Denmark's Hans Wegner designed this oak and rattan chair. $125.00. Watson & Boaler, Inc.

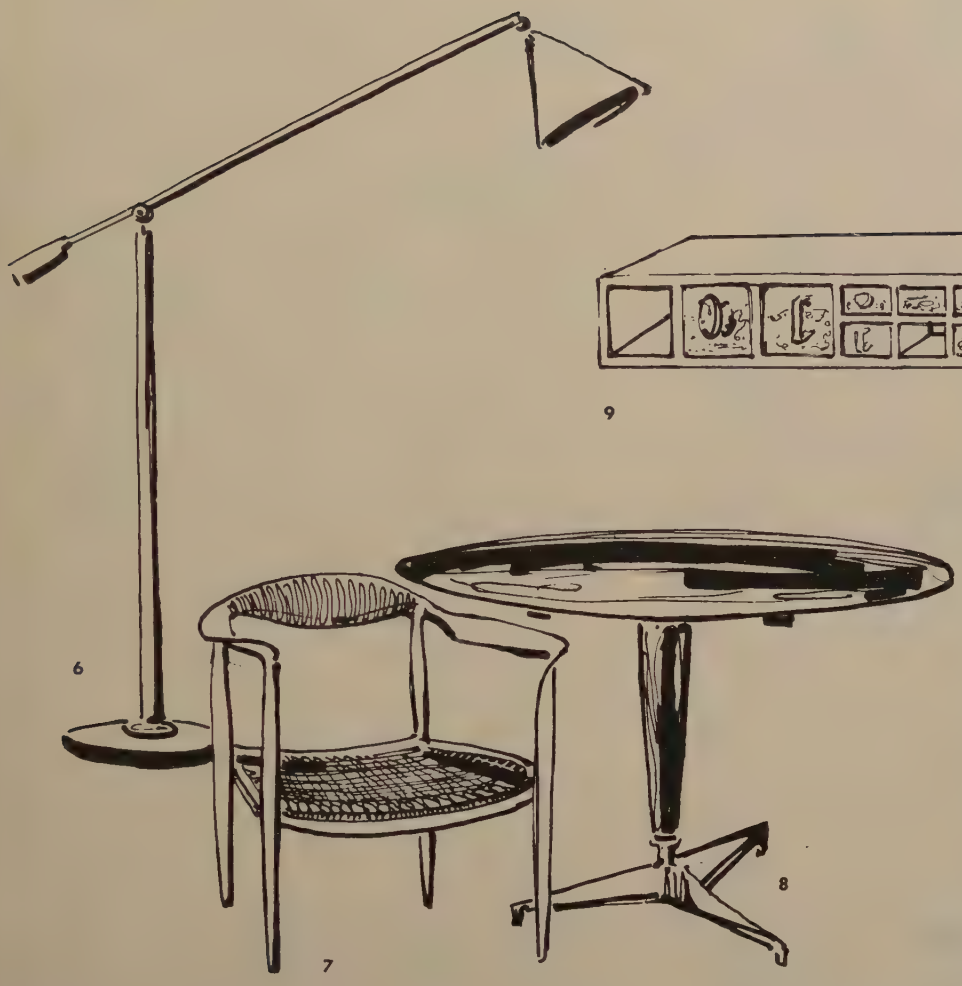
8 Italian table; walnut with striking brass base. $298.00. Watson & Boaler, Inc.

9 Swedish grocery shelves to show your wares in transparent bins. $15.75 to $24.50. Baldwin Kingrey, Inc.

10 Japanese porcelain tea set; doubles for Martinis. $6.00 and $8.00. Baldwin Kingrey, Inc.

11 More shelves, from Finland; for any room in the house. $20.00 to $42.00. Baldwin Kingrey, Inc.

12 From the Philippines, a long, low easy chair. $70.00. Baldwin Kingrey, Inc.



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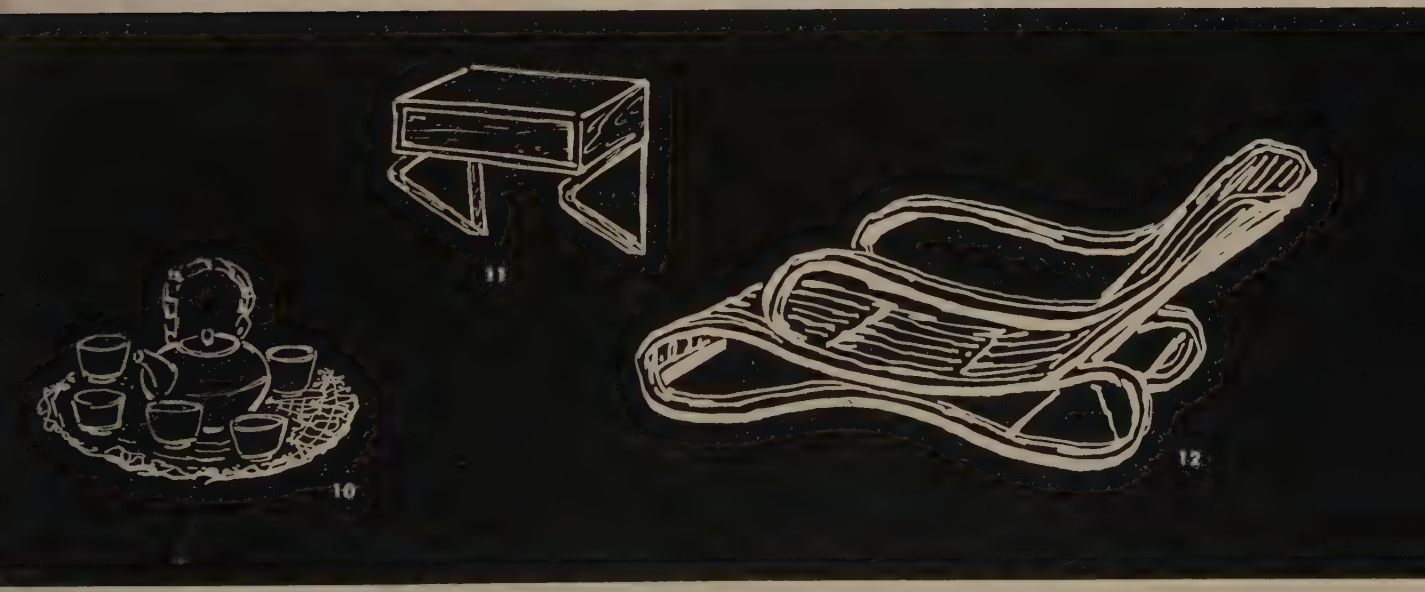

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U. OF I.
LIBRARY

Soddy

BY JESSE STUART

Illustrated by Katherine Grace

"Come, Shan," said my father as I followed him down a cowpath under the sassafras and pawpaw bushes. "This is the last place in the pasture we have to look. If she's not hiding here I don't know where she is."

Little sawbriar vines raked my bare feet until I couldn't keep up with my father. He walked fast in front of me over the path old Gypsy had made, and after he'd take a few steps, he'd stop and look to his right and then to his left, under the pawpaw and sassafras, to see if Gypsy were hiding there.

"When a cow calves she hunts the best place to hide in the pasture," he said as he stopped in front of me where the path went through a thicket of brush and briars. "Here's the most outlandish place in this pasture for her to hide."

"Look, Pa!" I shouted. "Look behind you on the other side of the path! Gypsy and a pretty little calf. Look, Pa!"

"Now, don't get too excited," he said calmly. "You've seen calves before!"

"But not as pretty as that one," I said as I

watched it stand up beside its mother on awkward spindly legs.

"I told you we'd find her in the best place to hide in this pasture," Pa said as he began breaking a path among the sumac, pawpaw, sassafras and stools of sawbriars, that vined among and tied the bushes in clusters. "This whole pasture is a good place to hide. Not a cleared spot for grass on the forty acres. Nothing but brush, briars and trees!"

I set my bare feet down carefully on selected spots of ground to miss the briars as I followed my father from the path over where old Gypsy was washing her pretty calf. As she washed its face with her long tongue, she mooed gently. She was talking to the calf but it wasn't talking to her. It was standing with big dark bright eyes wide apart, wondering at the world it was born into. And when Pa reached them, Gypsy was not rude, but she wasn't too friendly. The calf smelled of Pa's pant leg to see what it was and then it gave a little snort and jumped back beside its mother.

"I hope it's a heifer," Pa said looking it over. "It's a purty thing all right. No wonder old Gypsy is so proud of it. It's the color of these clay hills when I turn the sod over with a hillside turning plow and it bakes in the mornin' sun. It's a soddy color. But it's not a heifer as your Ma and I hoped it would be so we could raise ourselves another cow."

Pa's expression changed. He was disappointed. My father, a small, thin man with large sky-blue eyes, looked at the calf as it smelled of my overall leg and didn't jump back. I reached down and put my warm hard-callused little hand over his soft nose and he didn't mind that either. I could tell he liked me and I liked him. Old Gypsy must have thought it too. She warned him and warned us too with short loud blasts. Maybe she could tell Pa was disappointed. Maybe she didn't want him to like me. Maybe she was jealous.

"I'm goin' to call him Soddy, Pa." I said. "I like that name."

"No need to name 'im," Pa said. "We can't keep a bull calf."

Old Gypsy was a big bony cow with a pair of horns that curved-in and almost met at the tips. She had big wild-looking black eyes that now shone in her excitement like embers in the dark. She was as brown as a shell bark hickory leaf in October after it's bitten by the first frost.

"All right, Shan," Pa said, "let's drive her and the calf in to the calf pen. Let's get 'em out to the path."

Gypsy had had calves before and she knew she couldn't stay hidden. We drove her over to the path and Soddy trailed after her on his frail awkward legs, smelling of the earth, briars and leaves as he toddled along.

"Pa, can I have Soddy?" I said. Gypsy walked along the narrow path between bushes she'd made and the calf followed and Pa walked behind. "I'd love to have him."

"What would you do with 'im if you had 'im?" Pa asked. "Keep and feed 'im a couple of winters and then get a small price for 'im?"

I knew that Pa was going to do as he'd done before. I knew old Gypsy was nine years old. I was nine years old, too. Pa and Mom got her, a tiny calf, the August I was born. They raised her by hand so they could have a cow. I never remembered the first calf she had. She had him when she was three years old. But the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth calves I remembered. And Soddy was the seventh. The three male calves, I could remember, had been sold for veal. The three heifer calves, each we had planned to keep for a cow, were always sold to somebody else for a cow because we always needed the money.

And as Gypsy walked along and talked to Soddy with her plaintive moos, I thought she must know that she wouldn't get to keep him long, either, because he was a boy calf and all her sons had been snatched away from her in infancy and she never saw them again. I followed behind Pa as he walked behind Gypsy and her calf and a lot of thoughts went through my head.

I remembered how I'd taken Gypsy from the pasture to the house for Mom to milk. I'd done it since I was five years old because Pa was always at work on the farm and I was his only son. The only brother I had died when he was four years old. Each early April, I'd take Gypsy to this pasture which was over a half mile from our house. In the

Soddy

afternoon at about five o'clock I'd go to the pasture, hunt her, loop a little rope over her horns, lead her to the drawbars where I could climb upon her back and I'd ride her to the house.

I got to know Gypsy as well as my father or mother, our horse Fred, our hounddog Rags and our small flock of chickens. Our chickens were named and I could call any one by its name. Because the closest house to us was five miles away I never had a playmate at home, only the dog, horse, cow and chickens and the wild animals and birds I'd tamed. I never saw a boy or girl hardly all summer – not until I went to school. We rented Warfield Flaughtery's farm and it was down in a deep hollow surrounded by high hills. The sun crept in at midday. It was a lonely place.

And I thought about Gypsy's calves that I'd wanted to keep and none before had ever been as pretty as Soddy. But Pa and Mom couldn't keep them. And when they vealed one of her calves, Gypsy would follow the fence for three or four days and nights and bawl every two or three minutes, until she'd get so hoarse she couldn't bawl. I always thought she sounded like she was crying. And that's the reason I could never forget when Pa and Mom vealed one of her calves. We kept the heifer calves longer and she never cried so when Pa and Mom sold one of them to a neighbor for a cow.

When we drove Gypsy and Soddy to the milkgap, she stopped beside the gate on the calf pen which Pa had built four years ago when we first moved to the Flaughtery farm. Gypsy knew where to go. I opened the gate and she went inside and Soddy followed her and I closed it behind her.

"Now, keep water in the pen for this calf," Pa told me, "but don't give him any green grass."

"Then you're goin' to veal him!" I said.

Pa didn't say another word as we left Soddy in the pen beside Gypsy and she was talking to him. We walked down the path and up Ragweed Valley for home. And I never said another word to Pa. When we got home Pa went in the kitchen and told Mom Gypsy had a male calf.

"Pa, how much does a veal calf bring?" I asked, breaking the silence at our supper table.

"About $25," he said.

"We never got but $19 for the one we vealed last year," Mom broke in.

"I know, but this one's a better calf," he said. "It'll fetch every cent of $25. Maybe more."

I didn't say anything more at the table. I think Pa had already told Mom that I liked the calf and wanted to keep him.

After supper I walked back to the milkgap and took Gypsy from the calf pen as I'd done when she'd had calves before. When I drove her outside the pen and closed the gate, Soddy wanted out too. He wanted to be with his mother. He butted his head against the pole fence. But I patted his head and rubbed his neck and shoulders and he was very still. When he smelled of me I rubbed his nose and looked at his big bright innocent eyes that were filled with the wonder of his new world.

I took Gypsy home and Mom milked all the milk Soddy'd not taken and that was plenty. For Gypsy was a great milk cow. She gave enough milk to fatten two calves the size of Soddy for veal. Mom didn't save the milk for the first nine days after Soddy was born. So for the first nine days I'd turn Gypsy in the pen to Soddy, morning and night, and then I'd take Gypsy home for Mom to finish milking. Then I'd bring her back to the pasture and she'd not get very far away from Soddy's pen all day.

Before I let Gypsy in the pen to Soddy and often after I took her out, I'd go inside to play with him. He'd look at me and shake his head. He'd act like he wanted to butt me. I'd put my head against his head. We'd butt each other – not much – but a little. I thought if he could speak my language and I could speak his, we'd 've called it playing-heads. He'd run around the pen kicking up his heels and I'd chase him. Then I'd run around the pen and he'd chase me. But always before I left him, I'd rub his head, shoulders, back and side and feel the softness of his pretty sun-dried-clay colored hair. And I'd look into his wondering eyes and he'd look up at me. And all the time I played with him, I'd think that he had only eight weeks from the time he was born to live.

After the first nine days I had to stay inside the pen and make Soddy stay on his side of Gypsy. He got exactly half the milk and I took Gypsy home for Mom to milk the other half for us. I always fed Soddy first because he would always be hungry night and morning. I kept a big kettle filled with fresh water from the stream that flowed through the pasture for him to drink. I took good care of Soddy and played with him every minute I could. And after the first nine days I started counting the days my calf had to live.

Because, Soddy was my friend and playmate and the best one I'd ever had. Once I let him out of his little caged-up world and he followed me like a dog over the cowpaths running and playing and old Gypsy was at our heels bawling something awful. I'd had dogs and loved them. I once had a pet coon that grew up and joined the wild coons in Ragweed Hollow. I had a pet groundhog, too, that dug a hole under our hearth and slept in it all winter, came out in the spring and got with other groundhogs and left. I had two pet squirrels once and they went back to the wild squirrels in the tall timber. I had two pet crows and they finally flew away and I never saw them again.

But I never had a pet I loved as much as I loved Soddy. He was more company than anything I'd ever known in the long months between January when school was over and August when school started again. The long lonesome months when I played with the dogs and chickens, and was friendly with Gypsy and Fred. And our chickens followed the horse and were friendly with him.

And in the winter, when Fred wasn't working, and he and Gypsy were in our little barn in separate stalls, they were friendly with each other. Often they rubbed noses and stayed close together in our barn lot.

Then I got to thinking of some way to keep Soddy. I couldn't let him die. I couldn't stand to think about it.

"Pa, I want you to keep Soddy." I said one morning at the breakfast table. "He loves me and I love him. We were playmates from the first time we saw one another."

"Now, don't start that again, Shan," he said. "You've been poutin' around about my goin' to veal that calf from the day he was born. He's only a brute. He was born to be of some good to the human race. And all he's good for is to eat. He's a nice calf for veal."

Mom didn't say anything. Not then. She looked across the table at Pa and then she looked at me.

"I remember how Gypsy cried when you vealed her calf last year until you and Mom couldn't sleep," I said.

"But that calf will be vealed," he said. "Now don't mention it again."

"I wish there was some way for you to keep him, Shan," Mom said.

"If I had $25 I'd pay for 'im," I said. "I'd own him."

"If I had $25," Pa said, "I wouldn't veal him. That's just it. I need $25. I don't make any cash in the summer here except what we get for eggs. I've got to have $25 in six more weeks to pay bills I owe in Greenwood."

"I can dig ginseng roots and sell 'em," I said.

"No you can't," Pa said. "Not now. Ginseng roots have to be dried well. You don't have time. Besides if I knew where there was any seng I'd dig it myself."

I knew where there was some seng but I wasn't telling Pa.

"How much a pound does it sell for?" I asked.

"Dave Dabney pays over $6 a pound for it in Greenwood," he said. "But it takes a lot of seng roots to make a pound after they're dry."

Now when I went over the pasture hunting Gypsy, I took a mattock with me. I knew ginseng and I knew the coves where it grew. I'd let Soddy out of the pen and he'd go with me. He wasn't supposed to have anything but milk since he was to be vealed. But I didn't think his eating the green things on the earth would hurt him. Soddy didn't know, as I dug seng and he'd come up behind and

Soddy

butt me, that I was digging roots to save him. When Gypsy would hear him trying to talk to me in his language, she'd come running and we'd all be together.

I dug every fourprong, threeprong and twoprong and little one prong I could find. I dug all the seng in this forty-acre cow pasture and yet it wouldn't have weighed more than two pounds. I didn't believe I could ever find enough and the days were passing. Soddy had only two more weeks to live when I finished digging all the seng I could find in the cow pasture. I had to think of something else while my seng was drying.

Since there wasn't any place for me to go on Sundays, here is what I did the last two Sundays Soddy had to live. I went to the Seaton Woods, a great wild range of hundreds of acres, and I found more seng. But it was green and the roots were heavy. Dave Dabney wouldn't buy it. Mom had tried to get Pa to let me keep Soddy but he wouldn't. Now I didn't have enough seng to make four pounds when it was dry and Soddy had only three more days to live. I had to do something in a hurry to save Soddy. I took my pole ax and made another pen for Soddy. It was over the hill from our cow pasture down in a deep hollow where Gypsy couldn't hear him bawl and he couldn't hear her. I made the pen on Mel Shelton's farm. It was under the shade of the giant beeches, over a cool blue stream where Soddy could have all the fresh water he wanted. I cut a gap in Winfield Flaughtery's fence and made a little gate behind a blackberry thicket.

On the last day Soddy was to live I had him in this pen. Instead of taking Gypsy to his pen, for I thought she might give away the secret, I put her in Soddy's old pen and took Soddy to her, that night and morning. But that day when Gypsy walked the fence and cried after she missed Soddy, Pa said: "What's the matter with that cow?"

"I don't know," I said.

The next morning when Joe Tolliver drove up in his huckster wagon he had a long rope to tie Soddy to the slat-sides of his express wagon bed. He, Pa and I went up to the pen to get Soddy. Gypsy was walking around the fence crying something awful lonesome to hear. When we went to the empty pen, I never saw an expression on anybody's face like Pa's.

"That calf's gone," he said, looking at me. "You know anything about it, Shan?"

"This morning before Mr. Tolliver came Gypsy gave him his breakfast right in that pen!"

"Are you tellin' me the truth?" he said.

"Yes, I am," I said.

"What do you know about this?" Pa said. "Reckon there's a timber wolf in this county?"

"Sombody might 've stole 'im, Mick," Joe said.

That morning Joe went away without Soddy. And Pa and I went over the cow pasture hunting for my calf while Gypsy followed the fences and bawled. Mom told Pa it was so ordered for something to happen to the calf since I wanted to keep him for a playmate. But Pa didn't believe in tokens. He laughed at Mom.

For four days after Pa and Mom had missed Soddy, night and morning I took Soddy to Gypsy instead of taking her to him. I'd run to Soddy's pen and fetch him to Gypsy in a hurry. I couldn't let Gypsy know where he was. If she had known, she would have broken through the fence to him.

All the spare time I had, I hunted for more ginseng. I found a clump here and one there. I'd dig this seng, take it home and lay it upon our smokehouse roof to dry.

On the fifth day, which was a Saturday, I went to fetch Gypsy from the pasture. Pa had already taken Fred to the field to plow. When I walked up to Gypsy who was standing by the pen waiting, I saw a light flash in her dark eyes. She saw something and I looked quickly in the direction she was looking. I saw Pa's brown sun-tanned face go down behind a clump of sawbriars. He had followed me. I pretended that I didn't see my father.

"Come on, Gypsy," I said. "I've got to take you home. Too bad Gypsy, somebody's got Soddy. Maybe a timber wolf got him, Gypsy!"

Gypsy mooed to me. She didn't want to go. She wanted to give Soddy his breakfast. But I took Gypsy home for Mom to milk.

"She's not giving her milk down for some reason," Mom said. "She's not giving half the milk she's been giving."

That morning after I took Gypsy back to the pasture, she walked behind the pasture fence and cried. When Pa came home for dinner, he said, "It's a strange thing that cow has never taken on so until today." Mom didn't say anything and I didn't either. "Tomorrow is Sunday but I'm going to find that calf if he's still alive. I'll find his carcass if he's been killed."

That afternoon while I hoed potatoes in our

garden, I thought about poor Soddy. He hadn't had any breakfast. But I knew he had water to drink for a little stream of cool water flowed through his pen. But I hated to think he had to go without breakfast. But then I thought it was better for him to do without his breakfast than to go to a butcher-shop. That's where he would have been if it hadn't been for me. I'd saved Soddy.

When I went to get Gypsy late that afternoon, Pa had already brought Fred home from the field. He had started to unharness Fred. When I got around the bend I took off running. I knew Soddy couldn't do without both meals in a day. I ran as fast as I could. I took a nearcut across the pasture to Soddy's pen. He looked lean and hungry and he butted me as I opened the little gate and let him through. He ran as fast as I ever saw him to the gate in our pasture behind the blackberry thicket. I let him through and he took off again. He knew the way to the pen where his mother fed him. And while Gypsy talked to Soddy, I watched the road up the hill to see if Pa was following me.

Sunday morning when I went after Gypsy, I never bothered to fetch Soddy to her. I knew Pa was somewhere in the pasture. He had gone to look for Soddy. When Mom milked Gypsy she wouldn't give her milk down. When I took her back to the pasture she walked around the fence and bawled. But I didn't stay long at the house. I told Mom where I was going and that I wouldn't be back until later afternoon that Sunday. Mom looked strangely at me as I went away with a sack and mattock.

In the Seaton Woods I went from cove to cove. I went down in the deep valleys where the yellow poplars were fifty feet to the first limbs and the dark loamy earth was covered with peavine. Here I found patches of ginseng by old rotted logs and stumps around the cliffs. I never stopped hunting ginseng all day. I went from one patch to another. And just as the sun started going down behind the tall trees, I'd filled my paper floursack. I knew now, when the roots dried, I might have six, seven or eight pounds. I had enough to pay for Soddy.

When I got home, Pa walked across the yard.

"Where've you been, Shan?" he asked me.

"To the Seaton Woods," I said. "Look here!"

I showed him what I'd found. He said, "I've never seen anybody find that much seng at one time!"

Mom came out of the house and walked across the yard.

"Did you find Soddy?" she asked Pa.

"I've been everyplace," he said. "I never found that calf. I went around the cliffs and I never saw the carcass of a dead calf. I know that calf was stolen from that pen. Somebody got 'im. I'd like to know who that somebody was.'

Then there was silence among us as Mom looked at Pa and then at my ginseng sack.

Mom said, "Old Gypsy walked that fence and bawled most of the day. I've never heard her cry so mournfully as she has today. She cried until about three o'clock. I went inside the house and shut the doors so I couldn't hear her."

Then Mom started smiling as she looked down the valley. I turned and looked in the direction Mom was looking. Pa looked that way, too. Gypsy was coming up the valley with Soddy tagging beside her.

"What do you know about that?" Pa said.

Then Pa, Mom and I started to meet Gypsy and Soddy. When we met them, Gypsy and Soddy stopped and we did, too. Gypsy looked at us with her big dark eyes and Soddy came up to me and licked my hand with his long rough tongue. Then, he started butting me. He wanted to play heads.

"What will you do with Soddy now, Mick?" Mom asked.

"He's had green pickings," Pa replied. "We can't veal him."

"Pa, sell 'im to me," I said. "I've got enough ginseng to pay you fer 'im now, I've got over four pounds when it dries out. I might have $50 worth of seng. I'll give it all to you for Soddy!"

Pa was always a man of few words. He had always been a firm man. When he said anything he meant what he said. But something came over Pa now as he watched Soddy put his head again mine and we butted one another. Maybe it was the first time Pa had ever seen a calf play with a boy.

"Shan, I'll sell that calf to you," Pa said. "But I won't take all your seng. I want what I asked for the calf, $25. If you have $50 worth of seng, you keep the rest of your money. If you don't have $25 worth you dig more and pay me. I'm a man of my word."

Then I pulled Soddy up close to me and put my arms around his neck while he shook his head and butted at me and licked out his long tongue. Mom looked at me and the calf and then she looked at Pa and smiled. Pa's eyes had a different light in them and his face had a softer expression. Old Gypsy stood there and watched Soddy, and me, too. She was as contented as I had ever seen her.

TV

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE SCREEN

By Georg Mann

Drawings by Ralph Creasman

I am always a little surprised to find people who do not like sports on television. My first impulse is to inquire, "And what else on television is worth looking at?" Then I remember the political conventions, Welles as Lear, twenty per cent of Omnibus, the Met *Fledermaus*, and hold my tongue. Besides, they may dislike sports on general principles, which — stop twisting my arm — is their privilege. A minority may be ardent fans who feel that television isn't doing as much justice to a hatful of national pastimes as, let's say, the United States Supreme Court, recently meted out to baseball. But the blunt fact is that sports made TV and now TV is making sports, because the medium is making its own brand of fans. Furthermore, much of TV's poor handling of certain sporting events is a result, not of the technicians or the tube, but of the fundamental characteristics of the individual sport. This has been true since the beginning of television in this country.

Since April 20th, 1946, when a Chicago Cubs — St. Louis Cardinals game was picked up at Wrigley Field, TV sports-casts have come a long way, even if the Cubs have not. (The first televised boxing match was the Lou Nova — Max Baer bout from New York in 1939. But the absence of both the coaxial cable and boxing talent did not help make it locally memorable.) Apparently the cameras worked fine on the initial baseball broadcast, though electrical interference from the Loop ruined the picture. It didn't make too much difference, of course. There were only about 350 sets in the entire city; and only a handful of pioneers can remember back to 1940, when the city boasted of exactly 25 receivers, all with five-inch screens.

Last year an armchair sports strategist in Chicago could come back from the icebox lugging his bottle of beer, sink back in his easy chair, wet his whistle and watch

- boxing (four bouts a week)
- golf (occasionally, but top tournaments)
- football (live, twice a week; on film, during the fall, incessantly)
- hockey (touch and go and last period only)
- horseracing (the big running races, local sulky marathons, filmed post-mortems)
- basketball (Big Ten and the effete East)
- track meets (jumping from one event to another like the chase scenes in the "Birth of a Nation")
- tennis (Forest Hills, no less)
- soccer (indoors and interesting)
- bowling (zero except for the several million bowlers)
- baseball (from the Little Leagues to the World Series).

By careful broken-field dialing through the 1930 movies about bootleggers, and the pitchmen for used cars and sewing machines, the sports fan can also catch vignettes of half a dozen other sports. The films themselves are only too ready to provide a reprise of sports in the past, all the way from what the paid admissions saw yesterday to long-legged Jack Johnson knocking the slats off Stanley Ketchel over and over again.

The preceding list is not encyclopedic. (Frederick W. Cozens and Florence S. Stumpf in their recent *Sports in American Life* set the number of televised sports at "more than twenty.") It does not include such dubious items as stock car racing, certainly the dreariest projection of any motorist's impulse to smack the character ahead of him. Nor does the list include wrestling, a minor but legitimate folk art.

Not that I object to violence, even the simulated variety. I consider that the sport television handles best is boxing, an earnest endeavor of two well-muscled gentlemen to disconnect each other's central nervous systems. Here the customer at home gets the best seat in the stadium. Nothing, except the footwork in shots of in-fighting, is lost; the spectator can feel as if he is perched on the top rope with binoculars. (In fights from New York City he can feel as if he is in the first row ring-side, since a camera is actually located down there.) However, if my set is any criterion, the only way you will be able to know if either of the tigers is bleeding is when the announcer tells you.

Which brings up the whole problem of the announcer and how much you can believe him. You might try turning down the sound on the TV, and switch on the nearest radio carrying the same fight. All too often they sound and look like two different bouts. (This works better while watching baseball because the radio man gives more statistics on the batter, field shift, weather, and his own personal disposition.)

There was, of course, the by-now immortal TV announcer who also had a piece of Chico Vejar, once highly thought of. The announcer had no trouble maintaining a loud hysterical enthusiasm through a series of Chico's fights up the ladder. Then Chico met Chuck Davey, also once highly thought of. Chico acquired an artistic shellacking, right in front of twenty million gratified viewers and the horrified eyes of his owner, who was handling the TV mike that night. His blow by blow description of this unusually active fray consisted of little over two sentences, repeated about twice during the fight: "Now Davey is moving in. He looks real strong."

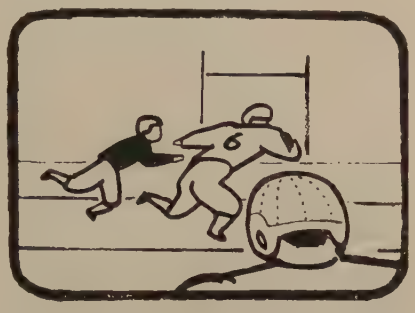
Announcers of other sports, even with no vested interest, sometimes do no better. In the world Series last year, the Dodgers' Gil Hodges was once announced as playing "fird" base,

and the same announcer kept trying desperately and perhaps maliciously to insert the manager, Charlie Dressen, as a pinch batter. In football, some announcers tell you who tackled what runner and then take back first the runner, then the tackler. But if they keep the score up to date, label the various maneuvers, plays, formations, shifts, and penalties, that is a lot to be grateful for.

It is a pity that base- and football do not lend themselves completely to satisfactory viewing. In the first place, baseball action just covers too much space too fast. The cameras concentrate, as I suppose they should, on the batter-pitcher combination from somewhere behind home-plate. In Chicago this is done fairly well, with a camera at field height canted just enough to get both the pitcher and the batter on the screen. Personally, I prefer the Wrigley Field to the Comiskey Park angles – possibly because the evil stars ruling my birth made me a Cub fan. I also decided that the camera high in the stands directly behind home plate that was used in both the World Series and the All Star Game last year gave the effect of looking at baseball through the end of a telescope. Our local method shows the pitch better, and gives a better idea of the speed of the ball.

When the ball is hit, the cameras switch to the fielding. This technique was better last year, both on balls hit to the infield and long balls hit to the outfield. But what is missing is the trajectory of the flyball. Here the announcer is king, until the ball drops in for its final accounting. Another interesting situation arises when there are men on first and third and a ball is hit to the outfield. I have come to the decision that when this happens the results are better understood over the radio, but I am told that eastern watchers see a split screen with at least two pictures, where the pitcher and runners all fit onto the screen without the wide expanse of the whole diamond.

In football, the camera cuts off vital action just as it does in baseball. At its best, TV shows ball-handling in the backfield better than the opposing linemen see it; but too often the cameraman and the monitor – the man who switches from camera to camera – are fooled along *with* the opposing linemen, and go haring after the wrong runner, sometimes completely missing the crucial quick pass.



On line play, if the ball has been followed after the fancy handling, the camera stays with it beautifully. On passes and kicks the results, as the sentimentalist said, are less happy. Last year there was a tendency to focus on the kicker, then show the receiver. In both passes and kicks, with the large area to be covered, you miss the ends going down, the excitement of the blocking backs split wide, all waiting for the ball. Still, the dance-like movement of the team in huddle after a play, out of it to the line, and then back to the huddle again, is superbly caught and focused by the camera.

Of the other sports, basketball is ideally suited for TV viewing. The handling of the Big Ten games last year was close to perfection. Hockey has been less fortunate, mainly because the cameras in Chicago have been located at one end of the rink, instead of at the side, as in basketball. The same camera location also hampers TV in handling tennis games. But the players do switch courts, and this angle is much better than if the camera were at the net, switching back and forth like the heads of the spectators, because the camera – unlike the amazing eye – cannot edit out the background.

There are other differences between two eyes and the camera. As in tennis, where you might get too much, so always will you get too little because while watching anything on TV, you are looking with TV's single Cyclopean eye. Thus you lack the stereoscopic vision which enables you to tell if something is going away – such as a ball; or getting anywhere – such as horses heading into the camera. In baseball, from behind the plate on TV, the fans some 400 feet away in the bleachers look as if they are sitting right behind second base. One shot tried and quickly dropped from football coverage was the pick up from the end-zone. At most useful only to cover the point-after-touchdown try, it gave an eerie effect of running and passing plays. Because of the terrific foreshortening effect of the TV camera, the backs seemed to be running endlessly and getting absolutely nowhere.

For all this, TV offers major rewarding moments. Fred Benners from the spread formation passing Notre Dame and the spectators silly; Kid Gavilan shucking a tropical lethargy to unleash a bout-winning flurry (although perhaps it's just as well his last fight with Bratton was blacked out locally); Big Jawn Mize, imperturbable as the god of the machine, striding to the plate, cold, to set the plot straight with a winning home run, make up the fundamentals of what even un-athletic Aristotle would

have admitted to be great drama. The Reverend Richards clearing the pole vault bar with amazing grace (and then registering joy or sorrow like a Goodman scholar depending on what happened to the teetering bar), Lew Worsham sinking an improbable approach shot to win Tam's rich tournament, are part of the evidence which proves that TV is the biggest thing in the sports world since the million dollar gates of the thirties.

Despite the handicaps — one of which medical opinion says is *not* eyestrain if you sit back ten times the diameter of the middle-sized screen — there is little doubt that the average viewer (stand up and be counted, boys) prefers his sports on TV. It's cheaper, it's more convenient, and in some respects it's better. At the same time, the audience created by TV sluffs over into the actual thing: TV-manufactured fans eventually turn up at the ball park. It is the smaller outfits that fall by the way, the smaller colleges whose alumni would prefer to stay home on Saturday and soberly watch the game of the week on TV.

As usual, the phenomenon has produced a species which may destroy it: the homebody experts, often women. For every blue-jowled expert who figured he could score a fight a decade ago, there are ten housewives ready to document their reasons why referee Ruby Goldstein's scorings are larcenous. Charlie Dressen was second guessed by half the membership of suburban P.T.A.'s when he let Russ Meyer disastrously brave the Yanks in the fifth game of the '53 series. I know of one Midwestern grandmother who spent one hectic Sunday last fall switching between the World Series and the sight of Michigan State dumping her favorite Minnesota football team. And she knew both games well, because TV affords an opportunity for the casual fan to get well enough grounded in the fine points of sport to become an intelligent critic.

TV also is a major socially unifying force. That means that during the last World Series, the three-hour lunch held up mid-day business, Grain Exchange activity fell off, and the number of burglaries in Woodlawn reached an alarming low. It is certainly no worse than the average recreation available, on TV as well as elsewhere. In the cultural trough in which we find ourselves, watching a nine-inning ball game on TV may provide more legitimate drama than 95% of the current novels and plays.

When a station is carrying a sporting event it cannot at the same time be broadcasting a soap opera, the average comedian, or a quiz show.

No matter if it's winter, spring, summer, fall —

when the ready palate meets the right chef,

then it's always

SEASON TO TASTE

By Eleanor Langdon and Jeannette Oates

Drawings by Ralph Creasman

When the raw winds howl outside it's the season for the heartiest fare within — the time when gourmets shamelessly turn gourmands. These are the oyster lovers' R months, the season for weiner schnitzel a la Holstein, Thuringer and tantalizing red cabbage, for red-coated waiters carving mutton chops as thick as your forearm and the gamey flavor of broiled venison. Now is the time for hassenpfeffer and potato dumplings or Czech roast duck with sauerkraut — and the homely pancake in multiple versions.

The pancake was and is given its rightful dignity in the many old German alehouses born well before the turn of the century. Leisurely, fragrant, friendly, their waiters nearly as old as the house, these strongholds of the old Rhineland stand unchanged by two world wars. Here the adventurous seek the robust and warming dishes enjoyed by pioneer Germans. A whole generation of midwest writers was nurtured at *Schlogl's*, on the crunchy pancake that filled a whole platter, served with powdered sugar and a lemon wedge. In a golden and past day we watched the aged chef make this triumphant pancake, turning it with his practiced loose wrist; but he, and the pancake, are no longer part of the faded Wells street establishment. The *Bismarck* carries on the tradition of egg pancakes with lingonberries, a favorite with the attorneys and judges who crowd in the downstair corridor across from the County Building at midday.

For brunch, the full stop pause that comforts and relaxes, there's *Froise*, the delicate Welsh pancake, centuries old, almost unknown here. This can be prepared with a minimum of effort. All but the currants. It takes some scouting around to find this elusive British staple and there's no compromising on raisins. Currants or omit. So says Meagan, our Welsh artist friend who makes the best *Froise* this side of Tre-Thomas.

Welsh Froise

- 2 eggs
- ¼ tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tbls. sugar
- ½ tsp. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 tbls. brandy or sherry
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tbls. melted butter
- currants

Beat eggs with rotary beater until light and fluffy. Add sugar and grated lemon rind (or rub hot griddle with yellow part of lemon rind). Beat well. Sift flour, baking powder. Add gradually, mixing in a little milk at a time. Then add the beaten egg mixture, the brandy and melted butter. Drop a spoonful or two onto a piping hot greased griddle and tip the griddle so

that one thin pancake is formed. Before the cake has time to set, sprinkle generously with dry currants. Loosen edges and turn once. Serve with butter, castor sugar (fine granulated) and black currant jam. These pale golden cakes may be served either rolled up with sugar (like crepes Suzette) or stacked in their leafy layers with butter and sugar between and cut into wedges for individual service. We doubled the recipe for three and added good hickory-smoked sausage.

Brig. General Frank Dorn, the gourmet-author whose cookbook has the nation's amateur chefs trying their skill at *Beef Strogonoff with Shrimp Sauce a la Dorn*, passed through the city the other day and discovered *Mike Fish's* garlic bread embellished with toasted Parmesan cheese. He jotted down directions for future reconnaissance, as well you might. The preparation, the restaurateur revealed, starts a day or two before. Equal parts of salad oil and olive oil are warmed but not allowed to get too hot. Garlic is ground and added to the oil which has been put in a jar. A top is screwed on and the mixture is allowed to stand. The French bread is cut in thick slices and dipped on one side in the oil mixture. Over it is sprinkled grated Parmesan (grated fresh, not packaged). This is popped into the oven and served piping hot.

Those who bewailed the passing of *Kranz'* ice cream parlor are trekking to the *Old Vienna* confectionary parlor – on Randolph east of Wells – for the hot fudge sauce made according to the original Kranz recipe. Perfect! – though we have an aversion to the increasing expanse of window glass.

In roaming around town for unusual culinary delights one day, we discovered the Italian pastry shop at Taylor and Western avenues where birthday and wedding cakes, complete with red roses, bluebirds, Cupids, cherries and wine-flavored custard sauce, are popular. The pastry artist, a cautious soul, won't put the final touches on until the customer is in the shop ready to leave.

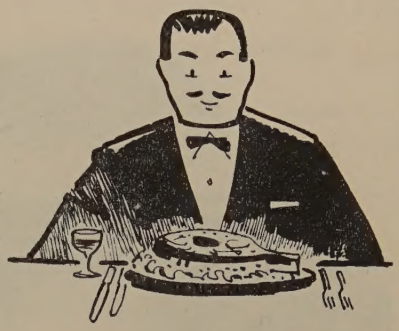
After living a long time, we've decided that curiosity brings its own rewards. Think how static, humdrum, and in-a-rut life would be without that relentless and lively seeking that means a wider and wider horizon.

Another by-world in this city that harbors so many uncharted excursions is an old Turkish coffee shop near Grand and Halsted. First recommended by an eastern editor, and sought out by world visitors who have heard of the thick coffee served in small cups, it is definitely not the spot for the prissy. The barren and dismal interior has none of the color or charm demanded by the fastidious in their slumming. But they make a Turkish coffee brewed to a spoon-thick consistency. In addition to this delicacy, the visitor may get a chance to kibitz on the neighborhood card game, which has been going on for years and is a major attraction for the local Moslems. Host *Riza Arslan* lends his dining room table for the game, which is not, as you might hazard, an exotic Levantine pastime – it's merely pinochle.

Not everyone has discovered the *Art Institute's* downstairs cafeteria for luncheons, good coffee and fine homemade pastries. If the exhibits pall there's always the real life exhibit of art students, teachers and the gallery visitors themselves to provide speculative entertainment, and it's a refuge for smokers. Anyone bent on a Sunday night smorgasbord will do well on preliminary foraging along Belmont avenue. Here can be found *limpa* bread, the golden rye with the anise and orange peel flavor, the dozens of varieties of fish, cheese, pickles, Swedish brown bean, sausage and other delicacies which make this the exciting spread that it is.

Newspapers usually inspire their own hideaways for the working press where the food compensates in unhampered excellence what it lacks in elegance. Most recent of these is the *pizza* place called *Lanza Club*, first a favorite of the *Chicago Tribune's* pressroom and later enlarged to include the editorial side. The interior is too dark for the caricatures on the walls to be embarrassing.

Speaking of dark places, the Sherman's *Well of the Sea*, one of the glamor spots which, like *Jacques* on the Avenue, lives up to expectation on all scores, has a crabmeat dish brought to the table bubbling in a skillet; it is unsurpassed. The curled rye Melba toast and a salad of hearts of palm are prepared in the best Byfield tradition.



A visitor from Karachi introduced us to *pilau*, which is a year in and year out favorite at the *Ambassadors*, and, while not always on the menu, is quickly available. This proper curry garnished imaginatively is served in a wooden minaret bowl.

Not yet tasted by us, but highly recommended by other gourmets, is *Papa Milano's* Eggplant Parmigiana and that teasing appetizer at *Don the Beachcomber's* known as Rumaki, a happy combination of chicken livers and water chestnut wrapped in bacon, which must be ordered in advance.

One day we wandered into the deepfreeze section of *Marshall Field's*. Anyone able to boil water can serve an enviable and gala meal from *Field's* frozen packages. A luxury item with a devoted clientele is the chocolate wafer ice cream – and the grape – and, of course, coffee ice cream.

At *Carson's*, the epicure shop has long specialized in Catawba wine, which may be had sparkling or still. The bottle pops like champagne and is ideal for young people's parties or non-alcoholic festivities.

Clarisse, the Old Cook, a wise and witty translation from the French, makes of mushrooms an urbane dish, at once simple and delectable. The stems are removed from great fat ones; they are carefully wiped off (not washed), and sauted slowly in warm olive oil with a few shallots until tender. For those of you who, like us, think there is nothing to surpass an unadorned steak, the Kelly's of *London House* have opened a place on Rush street.

And an old proverb from the Bible is worth pondering: "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

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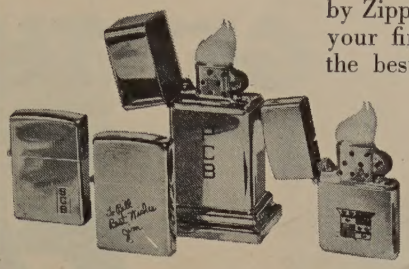

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